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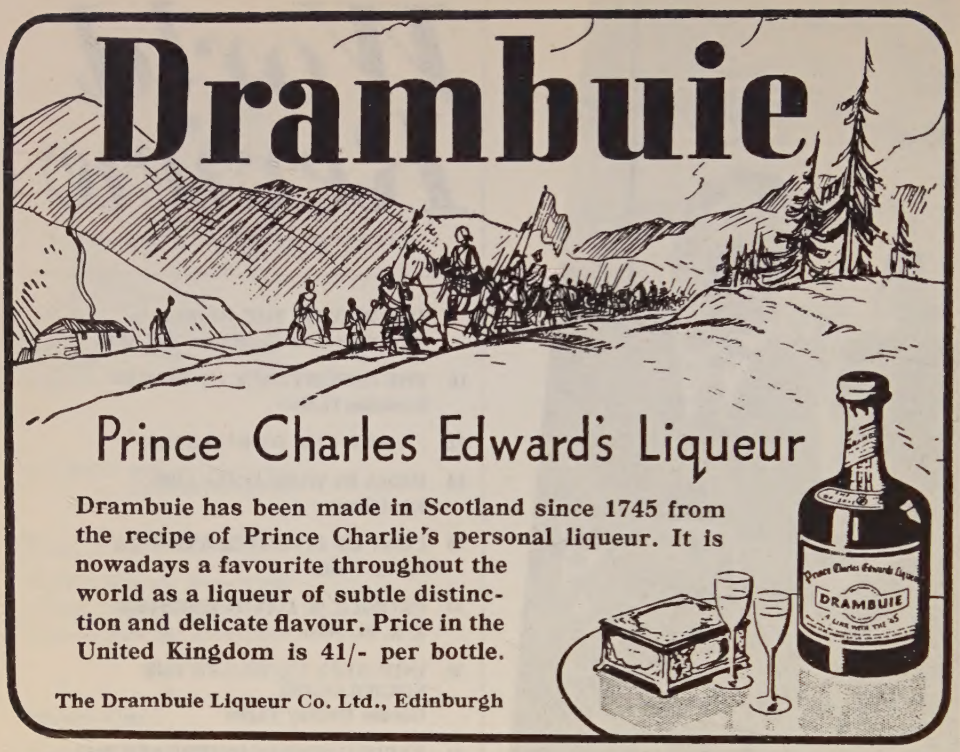


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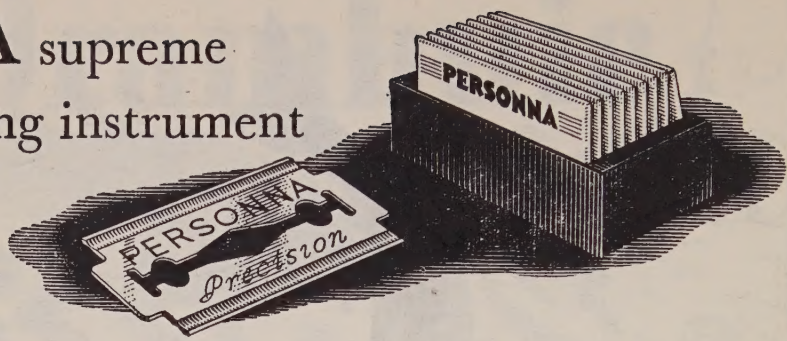

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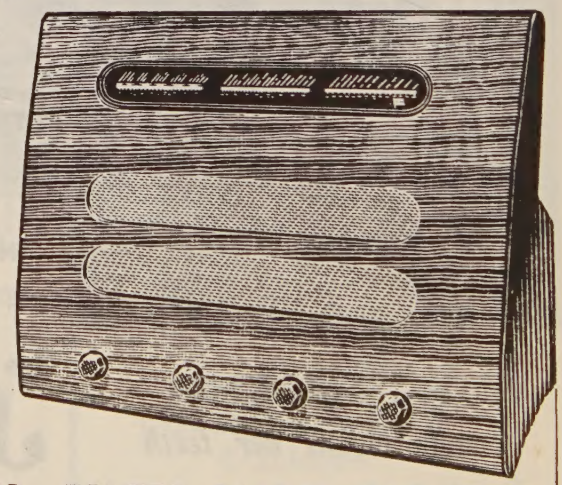

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# The Way of the World

SIR ROBERT BRUCE LOCKHART, K.C.M.G.

A MILD January has created a mild optimism among the people of this island. Almost any form of optimism except complacency is better than apathy, and after enduring trials which would have shaken the faith and the morale of most other nations, the British public are entitled to a measure of hopeful satisfaction. True it is that the current mood has been inspired by official publicity and is to that extent artificial. As Sir Stafford Cripps, the one sombre realist in the Government, has warned us, we are only *approaching* the critical phase of our shortage of dollars. But in home production we can point to several successes. The output of coal has risen slowly but steadily, and the outlook for 1948 is not unpromising. We have been able to restart export and, with a fair share of good fortune, we should be able to avert the fuel crisis of 1947. As regards our total exports of all commodities, Mr. Wilson has told us that in December they were nearly twenty per cent higher than in 1938. The figure is no guarantee for the future, for the volume of exports depends, not on our own production, but on the foreign buyer. It is also misleading because it has been achieved mainly at the expense of the home consumer who has had either to live in spartan conditions or else to have recourse to the black market. Although I readily believe that the vast majority of the public is law-abiding, the black market has grown extensively during the past year, and the Government's attitude towards this dangerous evil shows a strange complacency. Nevertheless, in comparison with the production of many other countries, our own effort has not been unsatisfactory. Labour disputes have been fewer and less serious than might have been expected, and, in spite of public opinion polls, which in this country have yet to prove that they are as accurate as similar polls in the United States, I feel that the Government's position is a little stronger than it was at the time of the municipal elections. Certainly, other European countries are envious of what we have done in the way of self-recovery, and even in the United States the Government's prestige has risen even if only from zero to freezing.

### The Russian Enigma

IT is when we turn to world affairs that optimism becomes a dangerous delusion. To take Russia first, the Government have at last achieved—at considerable sacrifice to this country—the first Anglo-Russian trade agreement since the war. It is a cause for satisfaction and is, indeed, the one ray of light in a very murky sky. In every other respect our relations with Russia have deteriorated, so much so, in fact, that the Labour Party has started a witch-hunt against the British Communists, and both Mr. Attlee and Mr. Morrison have taken their courage abroad and have denounced Russian imperialism

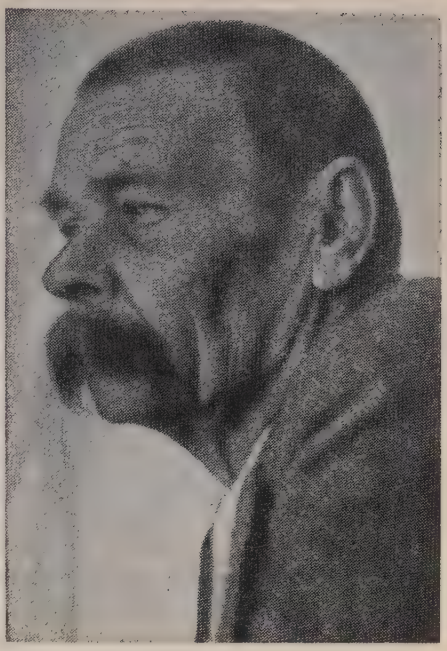
and Russian propaganda. Mr. Attlee, who spoke strongly for so unemotional a man, exposed effectively the Russian abuse of the word democracy and referred to the injustice which follows from privilege and oppression. Mr. Morrison, while appealing to the Russians 'to reverse their engines', took exception to the stream of lies which pours daily from the Kremlin. Like everyone else, both Labour Ministers are obviously perturbed by the uncooperative, not to say bellicose, trend of Russian policy, and wonder what are its ultimate objectives.

The real aims of Russian policy are known only to the Politburo and are mere guesses for the rest of the world. Nevertheless, we can obtain some enlightenment and some profit from an examination of the motives, partly psychological and partly philosophical, which are the driving force behind the policy. First, there is the zeal, amounting to a religious faith, of the Communist leaders. They have always believed in the ultimate triumph of Communism and, as far as world revolution is concerned, the difference between Trotsky and Stalin was in substance merely one of timing. Moreover, the Russian form of Marxism is tinged with Oriental philosophy. The theory is everything; people, numbers, sacrifices do not count. If the theory is right, future generations will benefit. Secondly, conviction that the theory is right is buttressed by an unswerving belief in the decadence of the West. Take Stalin's statement to the late General Sikorski on 3 December 1941: 'The best and bravest airmen are the Slavs,' he said with finality. 'Their reflexes are very rapid because they belong to a young race which has not yet been worn out.' The date is worth noting. In December 1941, the Russians were near to defeat and the Russian Air Force was woefully weak. Yet Stalin's remark was not mere bravado. This particular Communist belief goes back to an era before his. In 1908 Gorki, who was visiting England at the time, wrote an essay on London. It ended with the words: 'All so-called civilised Europe is looking backward and seeking beauty and joy in the past. This is unmistakably a symptom of spiritual old age, an undoubted indication of the need for new blood in the veins of a decrepit organism.' I regard this belief in Western decadence as perhaps the most dangerous tenet in Russian policy, and it is significant that it extends today with no less fervour to American civilisation.

Another important psychological factor in Russian policy is the exaltation which comes from a victorious war. In 1918 even Lenin had no firm faith in the permanent triumph of the revolution, and at one moment regarded it more as a glorious rehearsal which would inspire the proletariat of the world than as an assured success. For more than twenty years after 1918 the Russian Communists were denounced by the rest of the world as pariahs and outcasts. Then came the German offensive of 1941—an assault which even the stoutest heart in the Kremlin can hardly have been sure of repelling. With Allied help, and at the expense of immense sacrifices and of a very considerable relaxation of Communist theory, victory was assured. It went to the heads of the Communist leaders. Propaganda demanded that it should be celebrated as a Russian victory. Allied aid was forgotten, but at the same time a new confidence was born in the hearts of the Politburo. This, too, conforms with the Russian character which, with the Russian climate, sways

regularly between extremes. 'In what corner of the Western world,' wrote Herzen a hundred years ago, 'do you find such groups of devotees of thought, of zealots of learning, of fanatics of conviction—whose hair turns grey but whose enthusiasms are for ever young? . . . In the Europe of today there is no youth and there are no young men.'

This Communistic faith, this belief in the decadence of the West and this new confidence are reflected in every phase of Russian policy since the relief of Stalingrad when the Kremlin, ignoring the Polish Government in London, began to move forward its own Polish pawns. Since then it has pursued its own course. At first the Anglo-Americans assumed that Russia was merely securing her own defences by her own peculiar methods. But since the beginning of 1947 doubts, amounting in some statesmen to a certainty, have crept in with increasing anxiety, and today in this anniversary year of the Communist Manifesto and of the revolutionary movements of 1848, when the West is weak and American aid has still to be approved by Congress, can we be sure that Stalin has not now come into line with Trotsky and does not consider the moment opportune, if not for the world revolution, at least for expanding Communism far beyond the confines of the Soviet Union?



MAXIM GORKI, *famous Russian author. in 1908 he believed in Western decadence—a dangerous tenet of present Russian policy*

### Forced Labour in Russia

If the Russians are misunderstood, they have only themselves to blame. Their besetting and most dangerous sin is that of all fanatics. Shut off by their own volition from the rest of the world for thirty years, they believe themselves to be exclusively and universally right: an illusion which Santayana rightly stigmatises as 'pregnant with injustice, oppression and war'. The oppression is, and has long been, in full force. I have been reading a new book by Dr. D. J. Dallin, a former revolutionary, and M. Boris Nicolaevsky, called *Forced Labour in Soviet Russia.* It is a serious and carefully documented study of slavery in Russia. It gives a detailed but incomplete list of 125 'labour camps' and describes the appalling Belsen-like conditions which prevail there. It does not attempt to define accurately the exact number of these labour slaves, but quotes the figure of 15,000,000 as a conservative estimate for the years 1940–2. It gives as a main reason for the 'iron curtain' the existence of this forced-labour system. It is a book which more than justifies Mr. Attlee's description of the Communists as oppressors masquerading as upholders of democracy. Admittedly, it is written by opponents of the Soviet Union, but so long as the 'iron curtain' remains, it

will be a difficult document to refute solely by propaganda.

### Strength Through Despotism

ALTHOUGH there exists in the Soviet Union much which contrasts violently with our Western conception of civil liberties, we should be wrong in assuming that the régime suppresses liberty from weakness. For centuries all strong governments in Russia have ruled the people with barbaric ruthlessness, and it is such governments—for instance, those of Ivan the Terrible and Peter the Great—which are extolled today, and indeed, always have been, in the Russian history books. Freedom is a word which the Russian people have never understood and an experience which they have never enjoyed.

It may well be that there are Russians in Russia who detest the Soviet régime. We know that there are anti-Stalin and anti-Communist stories made in Moscow, for there is a certain type of anecdote which in its form is unmistakably Russian. After all, every Russian has his moment of melancholic cynicism, and it was a prominent Slavophile who defined the height of Russian happiness as sitting up all night with a pretty girl, drinking a great deal, and then seeing her go away with someone else. But to deduce from such slender evidence that the régime is on its last legs is the most dangerous of delusions. In this connection there is, to my mind, too much wishful thinking about Russia on the part both of the Americans and ourselves. There is one American school of thought which believes that Russia is far weaker than we realise and should be checked here and now before she becomes strong. There are the Zilliacuses and the Laskis who hold that we have only to turn our back on the United States and make concessions to the Kremlin in order to ensure permanent peace and Russian good will, if not to all men on earth, at least to ourselves. Then there are the Priestleys and the Steinbecks who, after a short visit to Russia, come back full of admiration for the Russian people. 'We know nothing about the Kremlin and the Politburo,' they say, 'but we have met the people. They are good people like us. They want to know us better. Like us they long only for peace.' I agree with them about the virtues of the Russian people. But who is to open the doors? When in Russian history have the people been able to exercise their will except in moments of war and national defeat? Finally—and most dangerous—there is the school of experts who, like Mr. Kennan, the leading American authority on Russia, profess to see already in the régime the seeds of decay. Doubtless they are right. Every régime carries in itself the seeds of its decay, for régimes, like human beings, have their birth, manhood, middle age and decline. But, like the American slump in the omniscient mind of the Russians, so, too, wishful thinking in the West assumes that the Kremlin decay is just around the corner.

### The Only Safe Policy

I DO not believe that the Soviet régime is in decline. On the contrary, I think that, after thirty years of consolidation, it is much stronger than it was ten years ago. Nor do I share the widespread belief that the demise of Stalin will provoke the same convulsions and the same struggle for power which followed Lenin's death. Having served their purpose in the war, the generals have accepted obscurity. The Politburo is now firmly established, and whoever follows Stalin will be its servant.

The problem, therefore, which Britain

has to face is how, at a particularly dangerous moment in our history, to put an effective brake on Russia's attempt to exploit by every means short of war the weakness of Europe in the interest of the particular form of Marxism of which she considers herself the only interpreter. The successful solution of this problem is the first essential to any co-operation, let alone understanding, with Russia, and it cannot be said too often that, without some understanding with Russia, not only can there be no peace, but also every problem, however local and however distant, becomes a testing ground for power-politics and therefore a direct menace to peace.

I think that there is only one answer to this problem. We must take a more energetic lead in co-ordinating and strengthening the economic resources of Western Europe. While retaining our own civic liberties, we must help the other nations of Western Europe to retain theirs. We must treat the production and distribution crisis which now engulfs all Western Europe as a single crisis capable of a single solution. Having set the wheels of Western trade in motion, we must see that they move, as Mr. Marshall always intended and still intends, towards Eastern Europe, including Russia. We must have the same belief in our own way of life as Russia has in hers. Above all, with or without American aid, Western Europe must save itself by its own efforts.

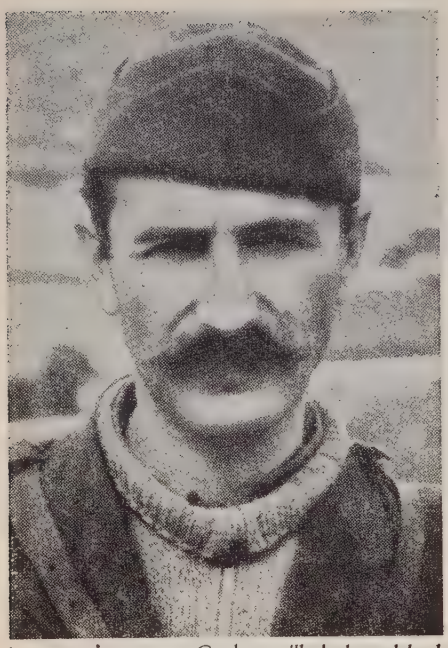
To assist this effort I should like to see a return to the proven methods of diplomacy instead of a continuation of the sterile ministerial conferences of the past two years. With their huge unwieldy delegations, ministerial conferences have become platforms for propaganda. Speeches are made, not to the delegates, but to the audience of the

PETER THE GREAT (1672–1725), *a ruthless Tsar, now extolled in Russian history books*

outside world, and from speeches of this nature prestige admits of no retreat. I believe that the regeneration of Western Europe on these lines would induce a more co-operative attitude from Russia. Although, as Klyuchevsky, the great Russian historian, said, Russia's foreign policy always tends to outrun her internal strength, the present rulers of Russia are realists. They are only too ready to exploit weakness. Relying solely on strength themselves, they respect strength in others.

### American Aid and European Self-help

ADMITTEDLY, American aid will be of vital importance in accelerating the recovery of Western Europe. Indeed, speed is the ultimate measure of its value. But, when every allowance is made for the disinterested aid which U.S.A. has already given to Europe and for the generous vastness of the projected aid to come, it would be folly to assume that in the year of a presidential election the European



'GENERAL' MARKOS, *Greek guerrilla leader and head of the Communist rebel 'government'*

Recovery Programme will have an easy or a quick passage through Congress. Delay is the debility of all democracies in general and of the American constitution in particular. We must expect fierce scrutiny and criticism, protracted debates, numerous amendments and some whittling-down of the original programme, and almost certainly a bitter battle over the manner in which the aid, if forthcoming, is to be administered. And the less interference, the less advice and the less criticism there is from this side of the Atlantic, the better will be the chances of success. There is, however, one way in which Western Europe can help, and that is by helping itself. Indeed, self-help is probably the surest way of winning American approval, for the criticism, already heard in the Foreign Affairs Committees, that the Marshall Plan is merely fattening Europe for the Communist kill appeals to many Americans. Self-help will demand higher output, harder work, greater unity of purpose and much more energetic statesmanship than the nations of Western Europe have yet shown.

Meanwhile, apart from Germany, which is a whole subject in itself, there are several danger spots in the world which almost invite the interference of a Russia bent on the prolongation of chaos. First comes Greece where the relief of Konitza and the temporary repulse of 'General' Markos will do little to heal the long-festering sore in the Greek body politic. Indeed, internal conditions, which an inefficient Government has failed signally to improve, may grow even worse, because the creation of the rebel government has forced the Americans to transfer further funds from their Greek reconstruction programme to the strengthening of the Greek army. One of the most depressing views of the situation comes to me from an English friend who has been in Greece for years and who is a confirmed monarchist. He writes pessimistically about the politicians and big business men who are the Government's chief supporters. Apart from their lack of unity, he says they are doing little or nothing to help themselves, but are pursuing their selfish interests and relying passively on American money to pull them out of the mess. This apathy is a greater danger to the Marshall plan than the bogey of economic slavery which is the constant theme of Russian propaganda. Doubtless, the Americans are right in making the military task of restoring order their primary objective. But I hope that, when their hands are freer, they will not omit to concentrate their attention on the correction of those administrative deficiencies and neglects which are the chief weakness of the Greek

*The* five lonely pilgrims. *Members of the United Nations' Palestine Partition Committee, seen with* MR. TRYGVE LIE (centre), *before starting their mission.* DR. LISICKY, *the Chairman, is on his* right

Government and which, indeed, make every government unpopular.

### An Impossible Task?

PALESTINE is another open sore, and not even the warmest supporter of the United Nations can feel very happy about the Palestine Partition Commission. Unless a miracle happens during the next few months, the Commission has been set an impossible task, and it is significant that at its first meeting Dr. Lisicky warned the fifty-six spectators present that 'they must not expect miracles from five lonely pilgrims.' Dr. Lisicky, Chairman of the Commission, was the Czech *Chargé d'Affaires* in London in the distressful days after Hitler's invasion of Prague. He is a man of good will but of little experience. The strongest man on the Commission is M. Federspiel, who was leader of the Danish underground resistance. The members deserve sympathy. They have been put on a hot spot almost entirely on account of the failure of the three great Allies of the war to agree on any single subject.

### Australia's Lesson

IT is pleasant to turn from Europe and the Near East to Australia where political changes are taking place which have received little notice in this country. Some months ago it looked as certain as could be that the Federal Labour Party's position was unassailable. Since Mr. Chifley, the Prime Minister, announced his plan for nationalising the banks, there has been a steady swing against Labour marked by heavy defeats in the Victoria State elections and in by-elections. The Party is now rattled and, although much may happen before the next general election in 1949, there is little doubt that Labour would be defeated at the polls today.

There is a moral to be drawn from this Socialist story. It is that, in English-speaking countries at any rate, the individual or, if you like, humanity, still counts for more than theory. When the theory is unpopular, humanity rebels. And that is the whole difference between Anglo-American democracy and Russian so-called democracy.

# THE IMPORTANCE OF

*The Autobahn, one of the arteries connecting the Western Zones to Berlin*

# BERLIN

**Berlin alone possesses the prestige to form the capital of any future Germany. The Western Allies hold there an island in a Russian ocean. If we lose our foothold there, we lose Germany—and Western Europe**

## SEBASTIAN HAFFNER

THE Western Allies bought their foothold in Berlin at a heavy price.

When the fighting ceased on 7 May 1945, more than half of what is now the Russian zone of Germany had been conquered by American and British arms. The Americans held all Thuringia and most of Saxony; the British were deep in Mecklenburg; Weimar and Leipzig, Jena and Erfurt, Magdeburg and Schwerin were in their hands.

All this they sacrificed. At the end of June 1945, their victorious armies were called back and retreated to a depth of up to 120 miles. Russian columns, following them up, marched through the empty streets and past the shuttered windows of the frightened towns and cities which they had evacuated; and a trembling Germany recalled Hitler's prophecies that Britain and America would never be able to stem the Red flood.

But simultaneously one British and one American division rolled eastwards from the little town of Helmstedt in Lower Saxony on the 'international' *Autobahn*—which has since become a famous stretch of road and may soon become a fateful one—and established themselves in the western districts of Berlin.

The exchange conformed to the layout of military occupation boundaries in Germany which had been drafted by the European Advisory Commission during the war and accepted by the Heads of Governments at Yalta. Nevertheless, it was a grave political decision to implement it. The Russians had violated the Yalta agreement on occupation zones by making over half their assigned zone to Poland. The Western Allies would have been in their rights if in return they had hung on to their conquests. Instead they handed over thousands of square miles of almost

untouched, fertile countryside and a number of valuable industrial centres for their share in the gigantic rubble-heap that was Berlin. They gave up a large area contiguous to their zones for a small island position far out in the Russian zone. And they exchanged rich agricultural land, which would have come in handy to help feed their hungry zones, for a million and a half more hungry mouths to feed.

It seemed a most hazardous decision to take; it was, moreover, probably taken for the wrong reasons. And yet it has proved the right decision.

The hopes of co-operation with Russia and of successful quadripartite government of a united Germany from Berlin, which originally prompted it, have all broken down. But their breakdown has not resulted in a clean split and a peaceful division of Germany. It has resulted in a bitter and desperately serious struggle between East and West for the whole of Germany, and in this struggle Berlin has become the key position.

In the two-and-a-half-years since the end of the fighting, Berlin has re-established itself as the undisputed and irreplaceable capital of Germany: and it has courageously and unambiguously rejected Communism and opted for the West.

These two events have been little publicised, but they are major events in the post-war history of Europe, and they provide the setting for the drama which will be played in 1948. They make it certain that in the next few months the Russians will make a determined attempt to force the Western Allies out of Berlin and to get the city into their own exclusive grip. If they succeed, they will be in a winning position in the struggle for all Germany—and thereby for all Europe.

## Centre of Vitality

Few would have thought two years ago that Berlin might by now become the bastion of all Europe, and even fewer would have liked the idea. For Berlin—a *parvenu* among the old capital cities of Europe, new, loud, ugly, and ill-mannered—was never loved as Paris or Vienna were; it was widely and thoroughly disliked, and in 1945 most people were ready to write it off without overmuch regret. It had been bombed as no city on

*A meeting of the Control Commission in Berlin. The Western Powers* must *continue to be represented on this*

*Women help to restore Berlin to a great city from rubble*

earth had ever been bombed; for good measure, it had been shelled and fought over street by street for a fortnight, and thereafter it had been sacked by the Russians for two months. It was a rubble-heap now, a city of dreadful night. It was therefore perhaps natural that it would be deserted by its inhabitants and sink back into the obscurity from which it had only relatively recently emerged. Instead, Berlin, almost alone among the ruined German cities, recovered its nerve at once, set to work, shook itself free from its rubble, and resumed its career as a great city. The same unbounding vitality which had made it grow, within less than two generations, from a second-class capital into one of those half-dozen outsized city-monsters which are the world wonders of modern times, enabled it to survive its shocking wounds almost triumphantly. The recovery of Berlin as a city in the last two years would make a fascinating study, even if it were not charged with political significance.

It is the more remarkable as it has taken place almost in secret, in severe isolation from the world at large. Germany as a whole is still largely an isolated country; within it, the Russian zone is more severely shut off; and one has to drive through it for almost three hours on the one stretch of *Autobahn* which is open to Westerners, into the very heart of desolation—to find oneself suddenly in a city where New York and Paris seem to be just around the corner.

## The City Island

It is one of the more fantastic and dreamlike experiences to be had in our time, and it adds to the dreamlike quality that the city is in ruins. They are, by the way, the cleanest ruins in the world. The upstanding remains of the gutted buildings are left like picked bones, the bricks salvaged from the rubble are built up by their sides in neat cubic piles, the rubble itself has mysteriously disappeared. And through this surrealistic urban landscape, where wind and sky are flooding in through a thousand breaches, where destruction has played weird architectural tricks and turned massive ugliness into macabre elegance—through that improbable tumble-down scenery flows and rushes the life of the great Western metropolis. After the mental, as well as physical, drabness, lethargy and apathy of Western Germany, it is an ever-renewed surprise to come suddenly, in this constricted city island, upon a press that mirrors the world, upon a theatre that surpasses that of London and Paris, upon politics that are real politics and intellectual discussions that are real discussions—and all this amidst a Kafka-ish legal and moral dream-and-twilight world, in political and economic conditions too fantastic to be invented, amidst much vice and hilarious corruption, and with everybody's nose just above water. It is the old Berlin all right, but at the same time it is something more than the old Berlin. It is Berlin reborn, Berlin defiantly back from hell.

There is nothing like it elsewhere in Germany. Munich and Stuttgart, Hanover and Dusseldorf are not unlively, but they have a local and limited outlook. Frankfurt is dull, dead, and provincial by comparison, and to play Frankfurt against Berlin as a capital would be like racing a Shetland pony against a thoroughbred.

It is true that the Allies themselves, by making Berlin their seat of Government, and their arena of conflict, have contributed to its recovery and put their stamp on its capital status. It may be a matter of doubt what would have happened had they from the beginning resolutely boycotted Berlin. But there is no doubt at all that it is now too late to reverse the decision. By its own vital energies as well as by Allied choice, Berlin has re-established itself as the only possible capital city of Germany—the only existing agglomeration of the talent, knowledge and confidence which are needed for the successful management of a great country. Every British or American official who sets out from the zone on the famous *Autobahn* run Helmstedt-Berlin feels in his bones that he is going from the provinces to the capital; that Berlin, in General Robertson's words, is still 'the Mecca of Germany'.

## Berlin is 'pro-Western'

There is another thing which every British and American on his way from the zone to Berlin cannot help feeling: that he is moving out of an unfriendly into a friendly atmosphere.

The correspondent of *The Times* in Germany wrote some time ago that British-German relations were as pleasant as they could possibly be between victors and vanquished in Berlin, and as unpleasant as they could be in Hamburg. This is true, and far too little realised at home. People in Britain are inclined to think of Berlin as the stronghold of German nationalism, and of the Western Germans as more or less liberal, cosmopolitan, and 'pro-Western' people. The exact opposite is the truth. The zone is disgruntled, nationalistic, and critical—often carpingly critical—of Britain, of America (to a lesser extent), and of Western democracy generally. It is Berlin that is 'pro-Western' and looks to Western democracy as its salvation. The zone would see the British and Americans go home today rather than tomorrow. Berlin dreads their going.

One reason for this is accidental. To the zone the British and Americans came as conquerors; to Berlin they came as liberators. Before the arrival of the British and Americans, Berlin had for two months been sacked by the Russians; few Berlin households had escaped unrobbed, and few Berlin women unraped. With the arrival of the British and Americans, complete personal security returned to the Western sectors of the city, and even in the Eastern sectors the Russians restored some discipline. This is unforgotten.

*Bricks from ruined buildings in Berlin are piled in neat stacks*

But there are some additional factors to make the political atmosphere of Berlin healthier than that of Western Germany. One is the simple fact that Berlin is a metropolis and the West is province. Nationalism is essentially provincial; the great cities are naturally cosmopolitan and international-minded. They are perhaps also more naturally democratic, being more literate and articulate than the provincials. After all, democracy is an invention of the city States of antiquity, and it was rediscovered in the city republics of the Renaissance.

However that may be, it is worth remembering that Berlin has a long and solid tradition of liberal rebellion and anti-authoritarianism. The German Constituent

Assembly of 1848, it is true, met in Frankfurt, but it could only meet there because the citizens of Berlin had fought the Prussian Army to a standstill on the barricades. Before 1914, Berlin regularly sent five Social Democrats and one Liberal as its deputies to the *Reichstag* of Imperial Germany, and later, its quota of Nazis always remained far below the German average. In its political tradition and climate Berlin is, of all German places, perhaps nearest to the conceptions and practice of the English-speaking world; it is not, like the older German cities, steeped in the imperial tradition of the Middle Ages. Its roots, like those of New York, are in the eighteenth century; and the 'American' character of its municipal public life has often struck visitors.

It is, therefore, no sudden conversion, still less opportunism, which prompted Berlin's revolt against the imposition of authoritarian Communism in 1946. On the contrary, this revolt is one of the bravest chapters of European post-war history. The facts may be shortly recalled. When the Russians, early in 1946, forced the Socialists in their zone of Germany to merge with the Communists, the Berlin party refused to follow its leaders into submission. Robbed of its Party Funds and offices, it restarted its Party work from scratch, and in the municipal elections of 20 October 1946, working under every possible handicap, routed the Communist-controlled 'Socialist Unity Party'. Since then, the Russian veto in the Allied Kommandatura has been used to hinder and hamstring Berlin's city administration at every step; not even the elected mayor has been admitted to his office. But the Socialist Party, with Berlin as its headquarters, has illegally revived all over the Russian zone.

A similar development has now begun in the other great German Party, the Christian Democrats: the authentic Party leaders, headed by Herr Jakob Kaiser, dismissed by the Russians in the zone, have entrenched themselves in Berlin.

Altogether, Berlin has become the great stumbling block to the Russian policy of turning their zone of occupation in Germany into a Communist satellite State. And by now the Western Allies, slow at first to realise its importance, have become more ready to extend protection and help to Berlin's resistance. This has created a bond of confidence between them and Berlin to which there is no counterpart in the zone. In the zone the Western Allies, having come as conquerors, have remained controllers. In Berlin, having come as liberators, they have become protectors.

## Berlin—Trump Card

The crucial importance of Berlin in the present struggle for Germany can be summed up as follows:

Berlin would be the only possible capital of a united Germany. *A fortiori*, it would be the only possible capital of a Russian-dominated Eastern German State. As long as Berlin refuses to go Communist, and the Western Allies are there to sanction and uphold that refusal, no Eastern German Communist State can come into being. If it were proclaimed without Berlin, it would remain a rump without a head.

As long as the Western Allies stay in Berlin, therefore, they hold all the trump cards in the German game. They can set up a bizonal or trizonal interim administration in Frankfurt, and still remain the champions of ultimate German unity. The Russians, so far from being able to interfere in Western Germany, cannot even retaliate by setting up a Communist Eastern Germany; and their unity propaganda has a hollow ring as long as both the main body and the capital of Germany remain united under Western auspices.

On the other hand, if the Western Allies were to leave Berlin, or were made to leave it, the tables would be turned on them. Not only would the Russians, after wreaking their revenge on all those Berliners who had dared to defy them, be able to set up a Communist Eastern German State: that State would also contain as its capital the obvious capital of all Germany. Communist unity propaganda

would at once gain substance, and a Frankfurt Government of Western Germany would be pushed into the rôle of a separatist secession. Moreover, once the Western Allies were forced to abandon Berlin, Russian propaganda could tell the Western Germans with great plausibility that they would sooner or later be similarly forced out of Western Germany; few Germans would dare to stake their personal security on the protection of the Western Allies any longer.

It must therefore be the obvious aim of the Russians to persuade, induce, or force the Western Allies to leave Berlin.

Some legal skirmishing to that effect has already begun. It need not be taken very seriously. The Russian suggestion that the Allied title to their share of Berlin is based on Potsdam and becomes invalid if Potsdam is scrapped does not bear examination. The quadripartite occupation of Berlin was agreed on long before Potsdam, and long before any political agreement on Germany whatever. It was a purely military agreement which the Western Allies scrupulously kept at heavy cost to themselves. The Allies hold their sectors of Berlin by the same title by which the Russians hold Thuringia and the main parts of Saxony and Mecklenburg.

## War of Nerves

More serious than legal squibbles are the geographical facts of the situation. Berlin is only half occupied by the Western Allies, and it is connected with their zones only by one single-track railway, two air corridors, and one stretch of *Autobahn*. The Russians can therefore, without having to resort to acts of war, interfere both with local administration and with Allied communications, and it must be expected that they will do so.

Probably this interference can be countered, also without resorting to acts of war. Blown *Autobahn* bridges can be rebuilt with materials taken there on the *Autobahn* itself, escorts and security posts can be provided where needed. But it will be a

*Jakob Kaiser, veteran Christian Democrat leader in Russian zone, forced to resign by the Russians*

nuisance; life in Berlin will become very uncomfortable; there may be a period of serious tension and uneasiness, possibly punctuated by incidents and recurrent diplomatic crises. And this will be accompanied by a steady stream of direct and indirect propaganda to the effect that the island position of Berlin is anomalous, unnatural, and untenable, that the game is not worth the candle, that the reactionary and Prussian city of Berlin is undeserving of democratic protection, and that the Allies would do much better to call off the hopeless quarrel about Berlin and concentrate on their new capital, Frankfurt. The danger of war will be played up, and Marcel Déat's cry of 1939 will be echoed: '*Mourir pour Berlin?*'

Will such a war of nerves succeed? The nerves of the army on the spot will hold. But it is a little disquieting that in this case the official pronouncements are far firmer than the noises of public opinion at home. The only places where Berlin could be lost are London, Paris, and Washington. The loss would be a disaster. For Berlin has become the key to Germany; and Germany is the key to Europe.

# . . . AND THE

FOOTBALL IN LONDON *I think we had better handle the ball?* BERGENS TIDENDE, Norway

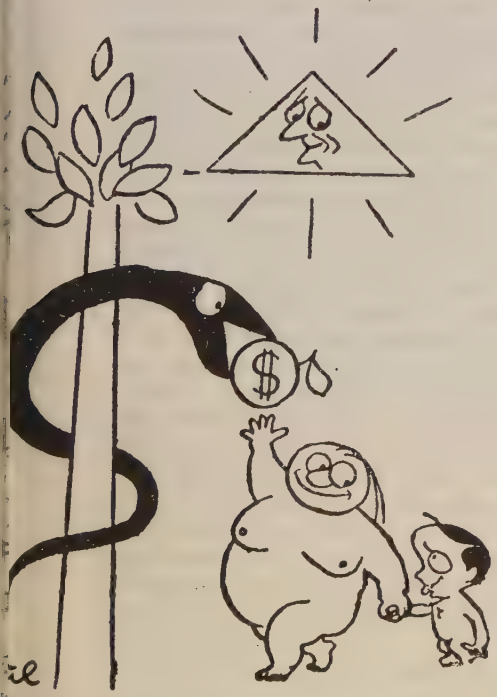
*Trying to Speed Him Up a Bit?*
CHRISTIAN SCIENCE MONITOR

*. . . And a Prohibition on all Military to Chew Gum!*
LA FRAN

# WORLD SAID!

France's New Look — DALLAS MORNING NEWS

*Siebel* in RICHMOND TIMES-DISPATCH




Adam and Eve and the Marshall Plan — TREK, South Africa

*'That fire could spread, Sam'* — FINANCIAL POST, Canada

# *India in World Affairs*

**A new sovereign nation has been born, which may one day be a Great Power. Where lie the roots of India's foreign policy and in which direction will it lead her?**

IQBAL SINGH

It is, perhaps, natural that the unedifying triangle of conflict represented by the perennial disputes among the Great Powers on urgent matters of world policy should form the focus of public attention during this precarious post-war phase. There are, however, other developments on the international horizon which may well prove to be of greater significance from a long-term, historical point of view. One of these is, demonstrably, the emergence of many nations of Asia from the twilight of economic stagnation and political servitude into the dawn of comparative freedom. This process is yet only in its initial stages, but it signifies a fundamental shift in the balance of international relations.

To understand this process of change in the power pattern of the world, it is best to study one of its concrete manifestations. India's entry into the councils of nations as a positive and independent agent has both a symbolic and practical significance. Its symbolic significance derives from the fact that India, as Mohammed Iqbal observed, 'is Asia in miniature.' As such, the elevation of her status in the field of international affairs is at once an earnest and promise of the new freedom of initiative enjoyed by the peoples of Asia in shaping world destiny. Its practical importance has been proved during the past fifteen months when India, participating for the first time in her own right in international discussions, has made it plain that she will not be content to play a purely passive rôle in the United Nations' Organisation. In the interests of better Indo-British understanding and co-operation, this makes it doubly imperative for Great Britain to form a correct estimation of the aims and aspirations of Indian foreign policy.

It is legitimate, of course, to ask whether the leadership in India possesses anything in the nature of a coherent outlook on international problems. The question has become especially pertinent in view of the tragic aftermath of partition of India. It would be idle to deny that this has created serious misgivings even in the minds of sincere friends of India as to the quality of Indian leadership. However, it would be a mistake to allow these temporary and transitional failures to obscure the fact that, in so far as questions of international polity are concerned, leaders of India have, on the whole, maintained a consistently balanced and rational outlook, untainted by narrow, tribal parochialism. To appreciate that outlook, it is essential briefly to trace the curve of their growth and crystallisation.

The past quarter of a century may justifiably be described as the formative phase of Indian foreign policy. Prior to the end of the First World War, there is little evidence that even the advanced section of political opinion in India exercised itself regarding world problems. The province of India's relations with the outside world was left entirely to the superior discretion of the British Government. The first clear affirmation of a specifically Indian point of view came in a letter addressed by the late Mr. B. G. Tilak to Clemenceau at the

end of the First World War. The main theme of his memorandum was, inevitably, the case for Indian self-determination. But it also formulated what in retrospect has come to be accepted as the germinal conception of India's place in a world order. With her vast moral and material potential, Tilak argued, India could become 'a powerful steward of the League of Nations in the East for maintaining the peace of the world.'

Tilak's argument was not seriously heeded. True, India became an original member of the ill-fated League of Nations, but this membership was largely a fiction and, as Sir Berriedale Keith has pointed out, an anomaly: its only purpose was to give the British Empire an extra vote in the League. Nevertheless, Tilak's declaration had a profound influence in India: it made Indian nationalists think in international terms and visualise the problem of Indian freedom in the context of the total world situation.

## Asiatic Federation

Consequently, during the inter-war years Tilak's generalisation was subjected to systematic amplification and its concrete implications were developed in a series of resolutions dealing with major international issues passed by India's premier political organisation, the Indian National Congress. The impetus for this clarification largely came from the younger and more radical elements in the national movement and, in particular, from Pandit Nehru, who had already acquired undisputed eminence as India's spokesman on foreign affairs. He extensively discussed the theoretical basis of a rational and cogent foreign policy for India and he energetically set about the task of establishing preliminary effective contacts between India and the leaders of popular movements in Asia as well as the Occident. The general pattern of India's international orientation, at least in its essential 'notional' aspect, had emerged clearly by 1930.

It had a dual content—negative as well as positive purpose. Negatively, the Indian national movement naturally took its stand on uncompromising opposition to imperialism, as the basis for a just and durable structure of international relations; uncompromising opposition also to war, which it regarded as the logical concomitant of imperialism. Positively, it took as its starting point the need of integrating inter-Asian relations on a long-term basis through some form of Asiatic Federation or Confederation, laying special emphasis on the urgency of an overall understanding between China, Russia and India, as the necessary condition for Asian security. On the wider issue of world security and peace, it gave its full support to the concept of collective security and a co-operative framework on the economic level to ensure world prosperity. It insisted, however, that before a rational world order of this type could become a practical proposition, it was necessary for all nations finally and unequivocally to renounce doctrines of domination and exploitation.

The launching of Japanese aggression in China and the birth of the Italo-German Axis in the West with its designs of unlimited military adventure served to confirm the general line of Indian foreign policy. Nor was this policy restricted to mere formulation of admirable abstract principles. Indian leadership tried to render practical aid to the victims of aggression. It is relevant here to stress that many of the ideas relating to world organisation, such as World Government and Federal Union, which are today the commonplaces of progressive international thought in Europe and America, had found general acceptance in India at least a decade before they began to be discussed by the Western intelligentsia. Pandit Nehru, speaking at a mass meeting in Trafalgar Square during the Spanish War, amplified Litvinov's famous observation about peace being 'indivisible' by declaring that freedom also was 'indivisible'.

## Avoiding Entanglements

This is not the opportune moment to discuss the question whether, had Britain grasped the meaning of these clear intimations of the maturing of political opinion

in India, some of the disasters and humiliations of British policy in the Far East might not have been avoided. However, the statement embodying the main lines of Indian foreign policy issued by Pandit Nehru soon after his assumption of office in the Interim Government reflected no mood of embittered isolationism, but a realistic and co-operative frame of mind.

It would be an exaggeration to claim that his pronouncement is altogether free from translucencies of thought and approach, but it carefully avoids perfectionist tangents, no less than an exclusive obsession with short-term expediencies.

It begins by affirming unqualified support for the ideals of the United Nations Charter. It goes on to recognise the changes that have occurred in the world power-pattern and, though by no means subscribing to the concept of everlasting big-power domination, accepts the principle of three-power unanimity as a realistic alternative to three-power conflict in the present uncertain phase of world security organisation. It further makes it clear that Indian foreign policy will methodically work for the speedy termination of colonialism in all parts of the world and support the cause of all peoples fighting for their freedom. Finally, it emphasises India's determination to avoid entanglements in rival power blocs and, instead, to continue to build friendly trade and diplomatic relations with all countries, on the basis of reciprocity.

It is important that the last point should be fully understood by the British and American public. There is no disposition in political circles in India to accept the doctrine of the Kremlin's infallibility without qualification. Equally, they do not feel that they can take the self-righteous assertions of Anglo-American diplomacy at their face value. The imaginative dichotomy between a 'totalitarian East' and a 'democratic West', which is taken for granted by Western intelligentsia, is regarded in India as having little more than propagandist validity. For this reason Indian delegations to international conferences have always been rigidly instructed to judge every question on its merit, to avoid anything that might be interpreted as ideological 'ganging-up', to try to narrow the gulf between the two power-groups and, above all, to avoid undertaking any commitments beyond those involved in India's membership of UNO.

Thus it will be seen that India's foreign policy traces no strictly doctrinaire course. It insists on certain fundamental principles of international polity, but takes full cognisance of the complex actualities of international *Realpolitik*. As India's Foreign Minister, Pandit Nehru is in the unique position where he can test in practice policies which he has himself moulded over a number of years. It is too early to pronounce any judgment on his handling of India's foreign relations, but it can be claimed that he already has a number of positive achievements to his credit.

## New Diplomatic Service

Firstly, largely on his initiative, it was possible to organise the first truly representative Inter-Asian Relations Conference in New Delhi last spring, which provided a useful occasion for discussion of a wide field of inter-Asian problems, and, what is even more pertinent, was able to set up a continuation body in the form of an Asian Relations Organisation. The purpose of this organisation was not to create yet another exclusive power-bloc in a world overburdened with mutually exclusive configurations of power-groups, but to study the problem of inter-Asian co-operation as a step towards the greater ideal of 'One World'.

Secondly, the Indian delegation to UNO has been able to handle the question of Indians in South Africa in a manner which has won the admiration even of those who were unable to see eye to eye with the Indian point of view. It is an issue which demanded the utmost care in handling because of its explosive racial implications; and it is a tribute to Indian statesmanship that the debate was kept on the higher plane of human rights and never allowed to degenerate into a racial argument.

The problem confronting the Indian Foreign Minister is not, indeed, one of definitions but of creating adequate machinery for operating India's foreign relations. This is a task of some magnitude and complexity. It is not realised outside India that the British administration never envisaged the possibility of the country having its own independent foreign representation. The result is that the New Indian Government has not inherited even an embryonic diplomatic service. It is true that the Central Government under the old dispensation possessed a political department. But this was intended wholly for the purpose of regulating relations with the Indian States and the tribal areas, and its personnel received a type of training which could hardly fit them for the tasks of Indian diplomacy today.

This defect may well prove to be an advantage. India ought to be able to build up a diplomatic service uninhibited by the burden of outworn nineteenth-century traditions of diplomacy. There is no dearth of talent available, and India is already represented at the ambassadorial level by seasoned statesmen in Washington, Nanking, Moscow and Teheran, while diplomatic relations with several other countries are on the point of being established. The real problem is going to be the training of sufficient cadres on the various functional planes. This cannot be accomplished overnight, and for the time being the Indian Foreign Office has to carry on with makeshift arrangements.

Any discussion of India's foreign policy is incomplete which does not consider the consequences of Indian partition. For world opinion will judge India, not so much by the broad principles underlying her foreign policy, as her capacity to work out a *modus vivendi* with her immediate neighbour—Pakistan. Indo-Pakistan relations are, in fact, the acid test of Indian foreign policy. At the moment relations are strained. The shadow of past prejudices and present bitternesses tends to obscure the perspective of the leadership on both sides, but some progress has already been made.

However, there are hopeful features which it is important not to overlook. Paradoxical though it may sound, it is a fact that, no matter how sharp their differences on domestic questions, for several years past the Muslim League and the Congress have cherished conceptions of international policy which are barely distinguishable. To give a concrete example, when Mr. Jinnah speaks on the Indonesian problem his utterances appear to be paraphrases of what Pandit Nehru has said on the same subject. This basic identity of purpose is bound in time to assert itself. It may well be that, in the immediate future, Pakistan in terms of world politics will tend to become an outpost of the Middle East. However, both geography and history make it impossible for India and Pakistan entirely to disinterest themselves in each other's affairs, especially in so far as these relate to foreign policy. It is certain that before long, when the present bitter passions have subsided, both will discover a wide field of international politics in which they can co-operate to mutual advantage.

Prophecy, however, is not the aim of this analysis. All that can be said with certitude is that a new factor has now to be reckoned with in assessing the international situation. That factor is India. Admittedly, what matters in international affairs is not admirable principles, but the quantum of power behind those principles —the number of 'divisions' which can be mobilised to enforce those principles. But this is only a partial truth; were it the whole truth the Nazis would today have been in Stalingrad and London. The moral potential is not altogether a negligible factor in shaping human destiny; and India, though in time she will have all the 'divisions' she needs, today enjoys no small measure of moral prestige—at least in Asia. If she uses it with clarity of purpose, as there is reason to believe she will, she may yet prevent the senseless division of the world into two armed camps and thus act as a major force for peace.

# *The Cost of Living in America*

**America as a whole may be a rich country—but rising living costs, largely due to aid sent abroad, have brought difficult times to the professional classes**

HENRY WALTER

STUDYING the welter of contradictory reports and conclusions on the current 'cost of living' in the United States, one is reminded of the remark attributed to Lord Canning that nothing is so fallacious as facts—except figures. There is, on the one hand, conclusive statistical proof that Americans are living better than they ever did before the war, and on the other, impressive data to indicate that a serious inflationary spiral is depriving an ever-increasing number of Americans of basic necessities.

This report is not concerned with the political or sociological bias of the purveyors of these facts or with the prejudices of the recipient, both of which are, in any case, inevitable. However, there are certain fallacies common to many surveys of the American economic scene which can, and should be, dispelled in order that the interested observer may be in a position to exercise his prejudices intelligently.

One mistake is a tendency on the part of representatives of strictly controlled, relatively integrated economies to overlook the diverse geographical and economic extremes represented in a country which is a third again as large as Europe (less the U.S.S.R.), and whose standards of living vary nearly as widely as those of the Continent.

One reads, for example, that the *per capita* income of Americans has risen from £143 to £300 since 1939, a rise of more than 100 per cent. During the same period, the 'cost of living' has increased by about 65 per cent. These figures are official and are undoubtedly accurate. From them we might conclude that the average American is better off than he was before the war. But there is no 'average' American, any more than there is an 'average' European. He does not exist. He is a composite body of statistics compiled by a Government Agency, or in the offices of a life insurance company, or even in an editor's notebook. What have the figures just mentioned to do with John Jones, a South Dakota wheat farmer whose income has tripled and whose cost of living has increased by a third? Of what conceivable satisfaction can they be to Samuel Smith, a Chicago clerk whose wages have risen from six to nine pounds weekly but whose cost of living has doubled?

The answer is, of course, that they have nothing to do with Mr. Jones and, as they add nothing to his meagre rations, they are of no help whatsoever to Mr. Smith.

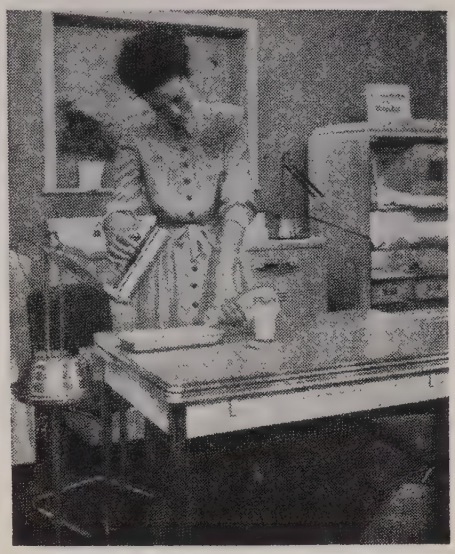
Social and cultural variations play their part as well; in general, the higher the level, the greater the proportional demand they will make on the consumer's budget. The cost of living is one thing for a university professor and another for a coffee-stall

proprietor, even though they may live around the corner from each other and enjoy similar incomes.

Apart from various influences more or less outside his control, the consumer is in a position to influence directly his variation from the official norm in ways which are not always immediately discernible. It lies within his discretion to increase or to decrease his savings, to indulge in credit buying or, more commonly, to cut down on certain allegedly basic items in order to be able to afford more of others. Personal savings in the United States were halved in 1946 and the trend was accelerated during 1947. Sales of Series 'E' Government Savings Bonds, which are specially designed to attract the small investor, have dropped steadily, while redemptions are increasing. In spite of wartime controls on instalment buying and hire purchase, the total amount of consumer credit has more than doubled during the last two years and, now that these controls have been removed, is expected to double again during the next few months.

## Real Cost of Living?

The 'cost of living' is in itself a source of confusion. This phrase, when used without a carefully constructed and adequately illustrated frame of reference, has scarcely more meaning than that other nebulous but ubiquitous catch-phrase, the American 'way of life'. If we speak of the 'cost of living', do we mean a calculated sum required for obtaining certain minimum quantities of shelter, food and clothing as prescribed by the U.S. Bureau of Labour Statistics? Or do we refer to the standard set by a prominent American economist who includes in his list of reasonable requirements '. . . running water and modern plumbing, adequate heat, the telephone and electric lights, newspapers, magazines and books, a minimum of health care from doctors and dentists, an automobile and some opportunity for travel, recreation, amusement and higher education'? Do we mean what the individual *should* spend or what he



*American 'dream kitchen'—but few housewives in the U.S.A. can these days afford such modern luxury*

*does* spend? Or what he thinks he is entitled to spend? Certainly for most consumers the phrase has meaning only in so far as it can be applied to what they actually spend.

The hard-pressed British consumer may ask himself why, when the prices of many basic necessities are lower in the United States than in England, the cost of living in the former country should be higher. The reason is that the *real* cost of living, i.e. what the consumer actually spends, is governed, in addition to more tangible factors, by what may be called the 'invisible' cost of availability. This is particularly applicable to food. For example, such items as citrus fruits and large joints of meat do not figure largely in British budgets simply because they are in short supply and not because they are regarded as unnecessary. The same is true in varying degrees of petrol, books, alcoholic beverages, laundering and cleaning services and many other things. To a certain extent the buying power generated by such shortages can be diverted into other channels, but as long as nearly every basic food and service is strictly controlled or

MR. WILLOUGHBY'S BUDGET

| | Expenditures 1947 | Per cent of Expenditures, 1947 | Expenditures 1939[1] |
|---|---|---|---|
| | £ s. | | £ s. |
| Taxes | 150 0 | 10.0 | |
| Food | 387 10 | 25.9 | 155 0 |
| Rent | 300 0 | 20.1 | 150 0 |
| Public Utilities | 37 10 | 2.5 | 30 0 |
| Fuel | 50 0 | 3.3 | 35 0 |
| Clothing | 125 0 | 8.4 | 75 0 |
| Medical | 50 0 | 3.3 | 31 5 |
| Services | 87 10 | 5.0 | 37 10 |
| Transportation | 50 0 | 3.3 | 37 10 |
| Automobile Upkeep | 12 10 | 0.8 | 7 10 |
| Furnishings | 37 10 | 2.5 | 25 0 |
| Home Maintenance | 18 15 | 1.3 | 11 5 |
| Personal Care | 18 15 | 1.3 | 11 5 |
| Tobacco | 25 0 | 1.7 | 18 15 |
| Entertainment | 62 10 | 4.2 | 31 5 |
| Holiday | 50 0 | 3.3 | 25 0 |
| Charity and Gifts | 6 5 | 0.4 | 31 5 |
| Miscellaneous | 25 0 | 2.7 | 20 0 |
| TOTAL | £1,493 15 | 100 | £732 10 |
| EARNINGS | £1,250 0 | | £875 0 |
| SAVINGS | —£243 15 | | +£142 10 |

[1] For identical goods and services
[2] Married man, two dependants

difficult to obtain, the cost of living is reduced by the negative factor of unavailability. But the living cost of an American, who does not have to do without what he regards as vital goods and services, is inevitably increased under the influence of abundant production and modern 'high-pressure' advertising and selling techniques.

To summarise: the *reality* of a consumer and his cost of living is directly proportional to the limits imposed on his geographical and economic position, his social and cultural level, and the availability of consumer goods and services in his neighbourhood.

## The Forgotten Man

With this postulate, let us turn to an American who might claim to be the forgotten man of the statistical summarists. Considerable attention has been paid to the fact that, while the buying power of the dollar has declined by some 40 per cent, factory wages have more than doubled; we know that corporation profits after taxes are up by more than 300 per cent over 1939, and that current farm profits are the highest in American history. We are also told that the lower middle-class white-collar workers, the teachers and population groups living on fixed incomes are in difficult circumstances. But the man whose budget accompanies this article belongs to none of these groups.

This American, whom we will call Willoughby because that is as good a name as any, lives with his wife and their two young children in a comfortable two-storey, six-roomed house in Mount Vernon, which is a suburb of New York. He is a 'commuter', which is to say that five days each week he travels to and from New York where he is paid the sum of £1,250 annually for his services as a minor executive with a large firm.[3]

Willoughby is no stranger to the good things of life. His cost of living includes, among other things, an occasional drink before dinner, evenings at the theatre, an annual holiday in the country, books, magazines and social engagements. But it should be remarked by anyone who examines the detailed analysis of the budget which follows that neither he nor his wife is extravagant.

Moreover, they had a lucky year as far as obligatory 'extra' expenditures were concerned. There was no need for them to contribute to the support of their parents or other members of the family, their children were still young enough not to require any substantial outgoings, and there were no illnesses serious enough to require hospitalisation with its consequent

[3] For purposes of comparison the reader may assume that, were Willoughby living and working in England, his salary would be approximately £750 a year, prior to taxation. All calculations in this article are made on a basis of four dollars to one pound.

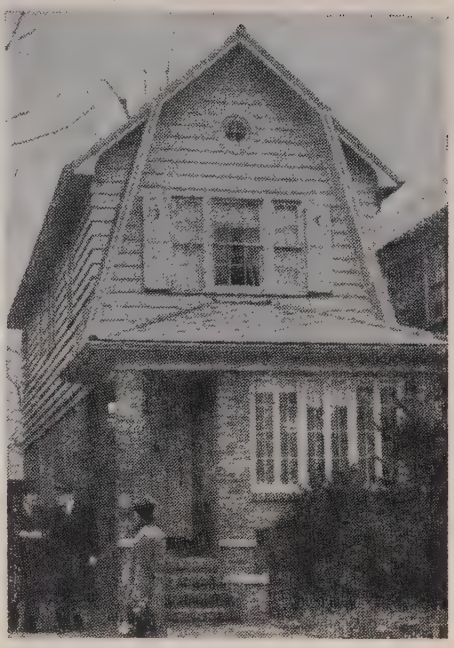
bills. Although they are the proud possessors of sundry goods and privileges which help to make the American standard of living the highest in the world, all of their durable and more expensive goods, such as furniture, automobile, refrigerator and radio-phonograph, were purchased during what were for them easier times. Indeed, they have no means of obtaining them without drastically reducing the basic standards to which they have long been accustomed, borrowing, or digging deeper into their savings.

## The Family Budget

Faced with the almost certain prospects of increased costs during the coming year, the Willoughbys are seriously worried. There is small likelihood of his receiving another rise in salary in the near future, his firm considering that a 43 per cent increase for a man who has been absent (he was in the Army) for the better part of five years is more than generous for the time being. During 1947 they drew on their savings for the first time in their married life. If, on looking over their shoulders while they review their circumstances, we observe that they face the future with anything but confidence, should we be surprised?

As a married man with two dependants, Willoughby pays an annual tax of approximately £150. Republican leaders in Congress are currently considering a revival of two 1947 tax-reduction Acts which were successfully vetoed by President Truman, but, at best, this would benefit Willoughby to the extent of some £25.

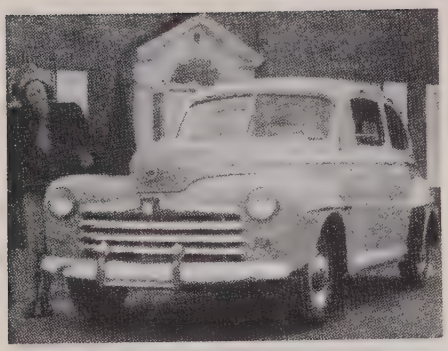
Mrs. Willoughby's weekly food allowance is £7. With this she buys, on an average, about 7 lbs. of meat (at 3s. 6d. to 5s.;) 2 lbs. poultry (2s. 6d.); 2 lbs. fish (1s. to 1s. 6d.); 25 lbs. fresh vegetables (6d. to 7d.); 12 lbs. potatoes (2½d.); 12 lbs. fresh fruit (6d. to 1s.); 15 quarts of milk (1s. 2d.); 4 lbs. butter (5s.); 3 dozen eggs (4s. 6d.); 10 lbs. bread (9d. per 18 oz. loaf, white). Cereals, cheese, tinned foods, coffee, seasonings and miscellaneous items account for the remainder. To Mrs.



*'Willoughby's' house in the suburbs of New York cost £1,250 in 1939—will now sell for £3,800*

Willoughby's seven pounds must be added another pound for her husband's lunches on weekdays. He dines at an inexpensive restaurant where the 'business man's lunch', together with the tip, comes to about four shillings.

The monthly rent of £25 is considered cheap for the type of home they occupy. Although an Act of Congress has limited rent increases to 15 per cent, by 'voluntary' agreements between tenants and landlords, methods of circumvention are not difficult to invent. Current controls are due to expire on 29 February 1948, and there is no assurance that the Willoughbys' landlord will continue to be as lenient in the future as he has been in the past. Or, tempted by inflated values (he can easily get £3,800 for the house, which cost him £1,250 in 1939), he may sell their home. Even if controls should be retained, if the Willoughbys were evicted, they would face the prospect of raising several hundred pounds as premium or 'key money' for a new home.



*1946 Ford. List price approximately £250. A 'used' model will fetch up to £600*

Gas and electricity cost about 35s. a month, and the telephone rent, including two free local calls daily, comes to a little more than a pound for the same period. In their basement furnace, they burn enough coal at £3 10s. a ton to keep the water hot and the house warm during the winter. If they used oil, as many householders do, their costs would remain approximately the same.

## Filling the Wardrobe

Nor do the Willoughbys regard as extravagant the £125 spent on clothing. About one quarter of this sum was spent on the children. For the rest, with careful shopping, Mrs. Willoughby bought the following: Rayon satin twill raincoat (£5 10s.); interlined wool coat (£18 15s.); unlined wool suit (£12 15s.); 2 rayon crêpe petticoats with lace borders (30s. each); 4 pairs knit rayon panties (5s. 6d. pair); 9 pairs nylons (6s. pair); 1 pair calf walking shoes (42s.); calf shoulder handbag (70s.); 12 yards cotton material (5s. yard); 6 yards all wool flannel (£1 yard); 6 yards rayon (18s. yard). For her husband she bought: 1 pair calf Oxford shoes (75s.); 2 white cotton shirts (£1 each); necktie (12s. 6d.); 6 pairs rayon socks (5s. pair); 4 pairs cotton underpants (7s. 6d.); 1 pair cotton pyjamas (25s.).

Incidentally, Mrs. Willoughby is vaguely worried about the necessity of re-adjusting her wardrobe in accordance with the new fashion decree of longer skirts. If she took the trouble to look into the matter, she might conclude that there was some connection between the so-called 'new look' and the fact that sales in the dress industry declined by some 22 per cent in 1947. Although this decline was largely met by increased prices, even total sales by dollars were beginning to fall off by the end of the year.

During the past twelve months, five office visits have been made to the doctor at a guinea each time; the doctor charged twice that amount for five home calls when one of the children was ill. Dental bills totalled £27 and medicines and prescriptions made up the balance of the family's medical expenses.

Not long ago the Willoughbys were thinking about having another child. They calculated that, including hospital charges (semi-private accommodation at 35s. a day plus extras), a new baby would cost them a minimum of £125 and promptly gave up the idea.

Laundry accounted for the bulk of the cost of services in 1947, coming to about 26s. weekly, with Mrs. Willoughby herself washing the lighter items. She does without home help which, when available, costs from 20s. to 30s. a day. The dry cleaner charges 3s. for a man's suit and the cobbler 8s. for heeling and soleing a pair of men's shoes.

Transportation by train to and from New York (Willoughby doesn't drive in because of the traffic and the high charge for parking space) comes to about 10s. a week, in spite of the fact that there is a 'commuter's' reduction on the normal railway charges of 1½d. per mile. (Long-distance buses charge approximately 1d. per mile.) In the City, buses and undergrounds are available at 3d. for all journeys, whatever the length, although an increase in underground fares is under consideration and seems likely to be put into effect. If Willoughby takes a taxi, the meter starts at 1s. for the first quarter-mile and rises by 3d. each quarter-mile thereafter.

The remainder of the family's travelling

money is spent on petrol at something more than 1s. a gallon. (Mrs. Willoughby, being about two miles from the shopping section, uses the car, which is cheaper than taking the bus.)

Willoughby spent only £12 10s. on automobile upkeep. Most of this was devoted to two new tyres at 75s. each and on having a dent, some scratches and two places where the paint had been chipped, taken out of his fender for about £4. He could, if he wished, raise about £250 on his car, a 1940 Ford, which is just about what it cost him when he bought it new. Although the list prices of comparatively inexpensive new models only range from £300 to £600, many of these cars are actually being sold as 'used', after a few miles have been put on them, at anything up to £500 more, due to pent-up consumer demand.

Not much was bought for the house, apart from a badly-needed vacuum cleaner at £16, a couple of woollen blankets, 72 ins. by 84 ins., at 50s. each, a chair cover at £4 and a 35s. set of Venetian blinds for the children's room. Sheet aluminium and enamel cooking pots averaged about four shillings each. Other prices for durable household goods, which Mrs. Willoughby looked at but did *not* buy, were table model radio-phonographs from £20 to £30; refrigerator (cools 6 cubic feet), £56; lounge chair with cotton and moss filling, inner spring, £15; maplewood dining table (36 ins. by 88 ins.) and chairs, £38; electric iron, £2, and a portable washing machine, £8 to £16.

Home maintenance was relatively inexpensive. The time the Willoughbys called the plumber, however, they had to pay him just over 11s. an hour for his work, exclusive of materials. Two gallons of ready mixed paint cost £2 15s., and 100 square feet of wooden shingles, which they plan to have put on the roof, were £3 15s.

Personal care for the two adults included haircuts for Willoughby at 5s. (including tip), and shampoos and sets for his wife at 10s. The rest of the money in this category went for shoe polish, toothpaste, shaving cream, cosmetics and so on.

Between them, the Willoughbys smoke approximately thirty cigarettes a day. At a shilling for twenty, this item came to £25 for the year.

## Cost of Leisure?

The entertainment budget includes visits to the theatre (prices 6s. to 24s.); an open air stadium concert (6s. to 12s.); Carnegie Hall (6s. to 18s.); a football game (2s. 9d. to 24s.); dinners out (average 10s. per person, including tip); half a dozen books ranging from 12s. 6d. to a pound each; subscriptions to three national magazines totalling six pounds, 3d. daily for two newspapers (two Sunday editions cost 1s. 6d.); and a few bottles of Scotch whisky at 30s. (domestic and other spirits range from 15s. to 30s.).

The Willoughbys felt they could afford only one week for their holiday last year and spent the other week at home. The middle-priced seashore resort hotel at which they stayed charged them £10 for their double room and their meals averaged £2 a day for them both. Drinks at the bar ranged from 3s. to 7s.; a glass of draught lager beer, 9d.

They are ashamed of the fact that they cut down so drastically on money they normally would have delegated to charity and gifts. In 1939 they contributed more than £30 to their local Community Chest, to the Red Cross and other organisations. The best they could do in 1947, apart from small gifts for the children, was £10 for overseas relief.

Miscellaneous items, which accounted for £25, included postage, insurance and modest additions to Mr. Willoughby's stamp collection. With this item, the Willoughbys come to the end of their budget review for the year 1947 and we to the end of our snooping.

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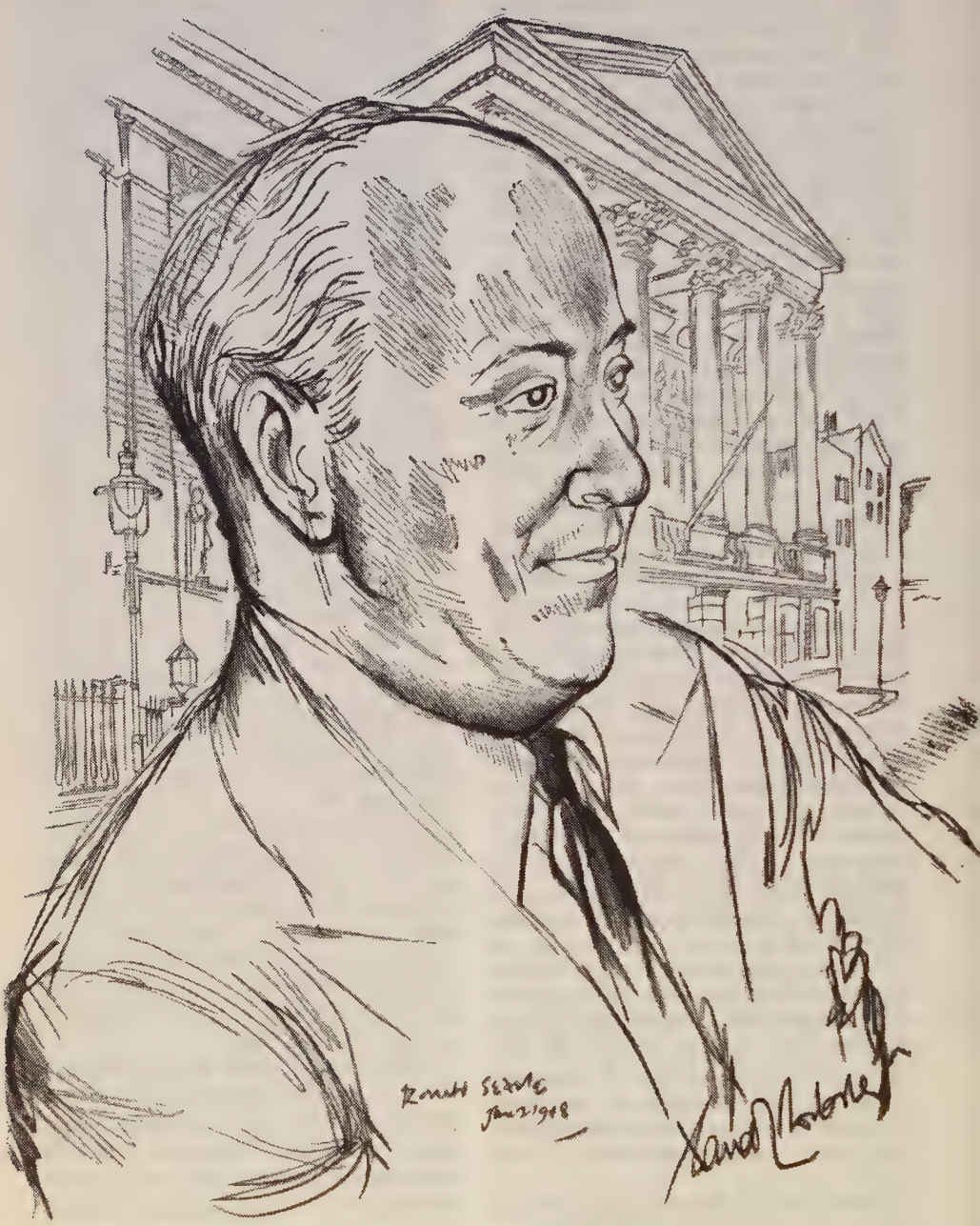


## *PROFILE (8)*

# *David Webster*

### DEREK PATMORE

SUCCESS, it is said, comes to men who have tenacity, a fixed idea, and courage. The meteoric rise of David Webster to his present post of General Administrator of the Covent Garden Opera Trust confirms that these qualities often bring their own reward. For even as a small child, this shy, soft-voiced but tenacious Scotsman loved music and dreamed of the day when the great Opera House at Covent Garden would have its own permanent company singing opera in English. Born in Dundee in 1903, Webster was brought up in a cultured, musical environment. One of his earliest recollections, he tells me, was of his His Master's Voice gramophone, and of how he loved listening to records.

When his family moved to Liverpool, this young Scot was haunted by his own plans for music, and at the age of nineteen he produced his first opera for a semi-professional company. Soon he was an active member of Liverpool's leading musical societies. He organised productions of little-known operas like Stanford's *Travelling Companion*, Benedict's *Lily of Killarney*, and the better-known *The Immortal Hour* and Ethel Smyth's *The Boatswain's Mate*. But he did not adopt music as a career. He studied economics and education at Liverpool University, and then took a post-graduate course at Oxford. Offered a job in the Bon Marché and Lewis stores in Liverpool, then run by the present Lord Woolton, Webster was spectacularly successful and became General Manager at the age of twenty-eight. By 1939, he was earning £12,000 a year, and this wealth enabled him to put some of his musical plans into execution. He was the driving force behind the Liverpool Philharmonic Orchestra, which he soon built into one of the finest and most progressive orchestras in the country. But, all the time, he was secretly planning greater schemes.

During the war Webster conceived the idea that Covent Garden should be the centre for British ballet and opera. He also saw it as a great training centre for British singers, but he realised that opera would never be a popular success in Great Britain unless it was sung in English. But he was engaged in a big executive job 'combating absenteeism', and it was not until after the war that he was offered his present post by the lessees, Messrs. Boosey & Hawkes and the Covent Garden Syndicate. In a very short period, David Webster has revolutionised Covent Garden Opera House and has become its directing genius.

Webster's policy of giving opera in English has been a success, and proves that British masses want to hear opera well sung and well staged. Today, all the cheaper seats are sold out at each performance. At the same time, although Webster believes that Britain has the finest opera chorus in the world, he feels that it will take at least five years to build the Covent Garden Opera Company into the world class category. He thinks that opera productions need new ideas and new producers, and it was his idea to invite Tyrone Guthrie to stage *Peter Grimes*. He is also encouraging writers and artists to collaborate with Covent Garden. He has commissioned new libretti in English from various known writers. Recently, Derain, Leslie Hurry, Tania Moiseiwitsch, and other painters have all done settings and costumes for Covent Garden.

The first part of David Webster's dream has come true, but for this Scotsman, now in the early forties, it is only the beginning.

*Starting the day's work. Can the work in this factory be made more 'interesting'?*

# Industry Consults the Sociologist

**Sociology can help to bridge the gap between social and working life and give to all a sense of personal responsibility. Only by these means will the problems of *incentives*, of *strikes* and of *frustration* be solved**

GORDON RATTRAY TAYLOR

How is sociology going to develop in this country? The question is well worth discussing. The problems of our time are, fundamentally, social problems, and the country which finds effective solutions will be the envy and the model of the whole world.

Modern industrialisation is at the bottom of our problems. It is, therefore, natural that much sociological work centres round the factory and the mill: and much of it is initiated, and paid for, by industry.

This is both fortunate and dangerous. It is fortunate because one cannot get far with social studies without willing co-operation. Just as a patient will only go to a doctor and let him interfere with his way of life when he feels acute pain, so also industry will only give full co-operation to the sociologist when it sees some immediate benefit to itself; and only on these terms will it willingly foot the bill.

But it is dangerous because many social problems lie not within factories, or even within whole industries, but spring from the inter-action of the factory and the

social community of which it forms part. It also contains the danger that money will be available for *ad hoc* problems but not for fundamental research. Just as the real task of medicine is to prevent disease, not to cure it—and that means studying the causes of disease and attacking it at the source—so equally the prime task of sociology is to find the insanitary drains and malarial swamps of the social landscape and clean them up.

It looks very much as if the pattern of research should be highly variegated. Industry needs sociological 'doctors' whom it can keep on the staff for routine work; Harley Street specialists whom it can call in to solve specific problems; and broadly endowed research institutes, University Chairs and Fellowships to look after the fundamental studies.

At present one of the great dangers of waiting for business management to initiate research is that it always wants the research applied to the employees and not to itself. It sees their faults but not its own.

## A Case Study

A study made by the Institute of Human Relations at a wool-mill in the north of England illustrates this point. The mill was situated in a village and could not obtain enough workers locally, so it had got them by advertising in mining areas forty or fifty miles away. Though it had spent a good deal of trouble establishing a hostel and organising recreation for them, the girls were extremely restless, did poor work, quarrelled with the foremen and the people in the village. The investigator was told the girls were of an irresponsible, pleasure-seeking type. On arriving at the hostel, however, and announcing that he had come to find out what they felt, the room was immediately packed with girls. They began a non-stop tirade of their grievances. Having blown off steam for more than an hour, they began to take a more responsible attitude and make suggestions for improving conditions. At this point the girls were asked why they stayed in the mill at all. A number of them answered that, if they left, the mill would 'go bust'! Thus was revealed the remarkable fact that under all this irritation was a hard core of loyalty to the mill: in fact, one may say that it was only because this loyalty had induced them to stay on, in spite of their grievances, that they had reached such a state of frustration.

It was perfectly clear that the main trouble was that the girls felt they were mistrusted, both by the management and by the local people. They resented the games which had been organised for them because this suggested that they were not capable of organising their own recreation. The whole discussion was reported to the management, who were astonished that these girls were capable of making so many sensible suggestions and of taking responsibility to a degree which they had failed to realise. Six months later, after the girls had elected a committee which met regularly with the management, the local girls put forward a petition that they should have chances of developing group activities of the same kind and for making suggestions regarding their work.

## The Morals

A number of lessons can be learned from this story. One is that people *must* be free to run their own lives. Deprive them of responsibility and they naturally become irresponsible. Another is look for the beam in your own eye. The management here felt sure the fault lay with the employees.

To make the third, I must tell you a little more about the study. When the investigator suggested that the management was at fault, he encountered considerable hostility. A second investigator had to be brought in. The story behind this was that several fortunes had been made from the mill and the management felt a good deal of guilt. What chiefly restored their confidence was the discovery that beneath the girls' hostility there was a core of underlying loyalty.

This kind of reaction is quite common, and is one of the reasons why management is slow to make use of sociological techniques. They really fear to have the basic

issues uncovered. I have heard prominent members of the Federation of British Industries say, almost in so many words, 'We're getting along very nicely with the unions, so don't let's do anything which might disturb the present set-up.' Even if this were true, it would not necessarily be a good reason for an action, because not only industry but the community is concerned.

## Factory and Community

In the case just mentioned, for instance, the investigator was only supposed to consider the village people to the extent that their dislike affected the girls in the hostel. But there was another problem left untouched in the effect of this influx on the village. When a large factory is set up in a small village, it brings in a flood of new people who not only may not get on with the original inhabitants, but may do them serious harm by swamping their local organisations and patterns of behaviour.

The man who works in the factory is also a member of the community, and he will display in community life patterns of behaviour which he acquires in the factory. To carry on with the instance given, villagers who work at the factory will certainly change as a result.

But the factory has a subtler effect than any of these. It sets up new emotional links. In the un-industrialised village each individual has links of respect and affection to those with whom he works and those he meets in social life—and to a large extent these will be the same people. But the factory effects a separation between social and working life. One of many consequences is to make our present system of parliamentary representation largely obsolete. M.P.s represent districts because in the old days one could assume that the people who lived in a district had a large degree of common interests. Today, a man often has more interests with those who work in the same firm or industry than he does with his geographical neighbours. It is arguable, therefore, that M.P.s should be elected on an industrial basis (though there are objections to this, too), and it shows us that the development of the trades union movement and its influence in government today is to a large extent the result of social changes effected by industry itself.

Conversely, the community affects the worker. To take a crude instance, if the community teaches people that a good way to spend the afternoon is to watch a football match, and stages football matches on Wednesday afternoons, then a good many workers are liable to stay away from work on that day. More subtly, the community will affect a man's work to the extent that it teaches him to want money rather than leisure or status.

To take another case, consider the impact of industry on primitive races. Industry is creating sociological effects and providing matter for research when it sends bicycles into the plains of India and the wilds of Africa. Still more is it creating problems when it sets up plantations and factories on a huge scale in native territories. How serious these effects can be is shown by a report from Central Australia: whole tribes of Australian aboriginals are to be shifted thousands of miles away to make room for the vast 'rocket range' for guided missiles which is being established there. These natives believe that a soul enters each new-born child, and that it comes from the totem at the local water-hole. As soon as they are moved from this hole, they lose all desire to live, and do, in fact, die. Thus this proposal means the final elimination of these tribes.

## Changing Behaviour

The industrialist wants techniques for changing behaviour: he wants men to work harder, to refrain from absenteeism and so on. Sociology has many highly developed techniques. In December I mentioned the effectiveness of group discussions, and last month I described the method of letting employees work out their own system of running the workshop, technically known as 'restructuring the field.' Another technique, 'channel theory', is based on the theory that facts and ideas

are transmitted through a group by certain people who act as channels for them; so that if you wish to get something known it pays you to drop it into one of these channels. There are also special 'conference techniques', of which the chief feature is that the first conference is spent in working out what the subsequent conferences are to discuss. This brings about a much higher degree of co-operation than if an agenda is imposed on the participants. Another method —useful, for instance, in training foremen— is to get each person in turn to play the rôle of teacher so that everybody has both the experience of teaching and of being taught.

But the idea that the sociologist will come to the industrialist and hand him a number of psychological tools which he can use as he sees fit is both dangerous and misleading.

## The Astonishing Strike

One field where the community has a very definite interest in industrial sociology is in preventing strikes—for though the strike is supposed to be a battle between employer and employee, it is the innocent bystander who suffers. Our attitude to strikes is curiously fatalistic. We seem to accept the periodical stoppage of production as the price we have to pay for the adjustment of differences between management and labour. But to the sociologist the strike appears as a most extraordinary, and by no means inevitable, phenomenon.

The strike seems to us inevitable because we take for granted that the working community should be split into two opposed sections, management and labour. The proper way of dealing with strikes is not just to provide ways of settling differences between these groups, but to restore the identity of interest between them. Both are co-operating in a process upon which they depend for their living and for much else besides. (How far the government is from seeing the true problem is shown by their establishment of negotiating machinery between management and labour. By so doing they have institutionalised the split and thus made it more difficult to heal.)

Thus, there are two ways in which we can approach the problem of strikes. We can study exactly why people *do* strike with a view to minimising these reasons. Or we can study the reasons why people *don't* strike, even though they may have reasons for dissatisfaction. At present we chiefly do the former, but it is the latter which is ultimately the most important.

People sometimes say that the problem is to build up loyalty to the firm, but I would rather put it that the problem is to make the workers feel 'It is *our* firm.'

Now, for the worker to feel that the firm is his, it is essential that there should be no division of interests between worker and management. But as long as the worker receives a fixed rate, irrespective of whether the firm is doing badly or well, he cannot feel a real interest in its fortunes and he cannot feel an identity of interest with the management. The ridiculous thing is that this split of interests is almost entirely an illusion. Though employees are paid at a fixed rate per week, their earnings depend on the number of weeks' work they get. Thus, if they achieve a higher rate of pay and this forces the management to raise prices, as a result of which sales go down and it lays off hands, then the workers have defeated their own object.

## An American Plan

Studies over a great many years show that employees' annual earnings are largely independent of wage-rates, but are very closely connected with the rate of profit. In the case of a path-breaking investigation in an American shoe-making firm, it was found that the workers always got—taking an average over a good many years—twenty per cent of the turnover. The management therefore proposed to hand over twenty per cent of its estimated turnover to the workers' representatives, and it would leave them to distribute this money as they thought fit. This scheme, which is known as the Nunn-Bush plan, has now been in operation for twelve years. Not only

has it saved the management all the worry of wage negotiations, but it has brought about such enthusiastic loyalty that, when an investigation was made by the Congress of Industrial Organisations, it was reported that the factory organisation was not a union but a religion!

Another thing which is essential if the employee is not to feel isolated from management is that he must know that, if he is sufficiently good, promotion will carry him right up into management. Contrary to the common belief, men do not resent people at the top getting high pay if they are assured that everyone has an equal chance to reach such positions. I never heard anyone in the army complain seriously about the pay of generals.

Many other points could be made about strikes: such as the effect of the size of the firm in making management appear to the worker not as human beings but as a remote and threatening force; attempts to cover up feelings of insecurity by aggressiveness; the boredom of the job which makes a good row an attractive diversion.

## Real Cause of Strikes

A common error is to imagine that strikes are usually over money. True, strikes often come to a head over a question of money—but that is chiefly because people have been taught to think that more money is the answer to their problems. And, of course, to grant people more money when their real trouble is some psychological dissatisfaction, is futile: the discontent only crops up again. As a matter of fact, if you look into the subject of strikes, you will find that a great proportion of them do not even claim to be about money: they are about questions of justice or prestige.

One of the commonest reasons for which strikes occur is that management ignores questions of status.

Let me give you an instance. Following reorganisation in a certain factory, it was proposed to absorb a number of workers into other jobs. The management went on the principle that jobs should be found which carried the same rate of pay as the men had been getting before; but the men refused to take the new jobs because they were considered to carry lower status than the old. The management would have done better to have offered the men jobs of equal or higher status, even though the rate of pay might have been lower.

## Make Work Interesting

In attempting to heal the management-labour split, we must open our minds to new ideas and new forms of organisation. We must call on the anthropologist to tell us how work is arranged in other parts of the world. For instance, in the Solomon Islands there is no permanent distinction between management and labour. A man will call other islanders to help him build a house or get in his crops, and at other times he will go to help someone else. Thus there is no danger of an employer under-rewarding labour. There is no 'marginal labour' to be thrown into unemployment in slack periods. Also there are no labour shortages, no shirking, no over-work.

Few primitive societies attempt to equate pay to work done. You work because one day you will want someone to work for you.

There is, above all, one great lesson we can learn from primitive peoples: not to divide our lives into two contrasting halves—work and play: dull, disagreeable work and supposedly exciting leisure. Because creative work, done with a purpose and at our own pace, is the most fascinating activity there is; and empty leisure is so dull that we have to fill it with distractions—or else with work which we disguise under the name of hobbies.

But while we apply tremendous effort to make leisure exciting, filling it with colour, movement, emotion and suspense, we have drained work of all these vital elements.

To solve the problem of incentives, to solve the problem of strikes, to solve the problem of frustration, sociology offers one paramount suggestion: make work interesting.



2

# EXPERIMENT IN INTERNATIONAL LIVING

**Much lip-service is paid to 'internationalism'—but in Croydon the vision and energy of one man has built up a great International Centre in which live people from over fifty different countries**

## S. BROOKE-WAVELL

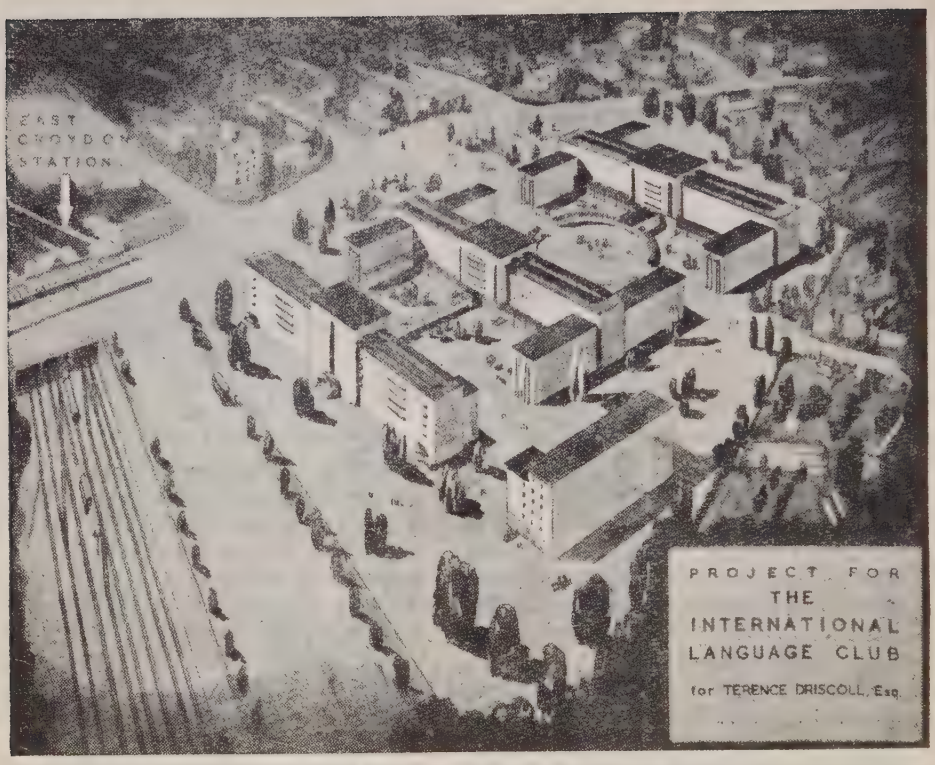
When, a short time ago, the British public opened its evening newspaper and read the alarming story about 'racial hatred in Croydon', it discovered, perhaps for the first time, that London, the proud centre of a great Empire, was at long last the possessor of a home where students from every corner of the earth received a friendly welcome. It read also of Croydon Borough Council's rejection of the founder's plans to build an International Centre for three thousand on a scale and proportion that would do justice to the Mother Country's belated interest in the Commonwealth's people.

Whatever the result of the founder's appeal to the Ministry of Town and Country Planning, which held an enquiry in January, the present institution will continue to be England's most successful experiment in international living. Known as the International Language Club, this centre is the home of 450 young men and women who come from over fifty different countries to study in London. For them it has the double convenience of being close to their work—only seventeen minutes by fast electric train—and within easy reach of the Surrey countryside. More than this, it has a rhythm and life of its own.

Any student pitchforked from China or the West Indies quickly finds his feet. He is accepted without fuss; and his personal peculiarities are submerged in the great diversity of shapes and colours to be found among his companions. An African, sought out by curious eyes in the train, no longer feels self-conscious about his tribal markings when he comes to this Club, for, to the majority of students, they are no more arresting than, say, the black beard and turban of a Sikh. Hindus and Moslems, far removed from the bitter antagonisms rife in their two dominions, see their own prejudices slide into proper perspective against the larger background of world differences. They learn to appreciate that difference in culture, mannerism and dress is no bar to friendship; and from this knowledge it requires only one step further to see that such differences can be no excuse for war.

But if this were the only characteristic

TERENCE DRISCOLL, *founder of the Club, with the High Commissioner for India*




*Mr. Creech-Jones, Colonial Secretary, describes this project as 'a bold and ambitious plan which will make the Colonial peoples rejoice and help firmly to cement our friendship with them'*

of this Club, one would be justified in wondering how much longer it could survive the internal strains and external prejudice which have prevented the rise of any similar organisation in this country before. Fortunately it is not. There is a guiding principle at work which is far greater than the individual and group pressures exerted within the Club. It is enthusiasm, enthusiasm engendered and sustained by one man—the Club founder. It permeates the whole structure. In action it takes the form of complete trust: in application it means an almost complete absence of rules. To the student from overseas, this attitude spells dignity and freedom. And the extraordinary fact is that this system, derived from personal loyalty, really works. The founder no longer regards this Club as an experiment: to him it is an accomplished fact.

And so, for the deeper understanding of this great 'experiment' we must look into the character of this unusual man. He is thirty-five-year-old Terence John Driscoll—visionary, idealist, engineer. Ten years ago this Club was a dream in his mind. He was young then—only twenty-five. He spoke six languages fluently. Selling machinery on the Continent brought him into grim contact with the Nazi-inspired propaganda wave. He saw hatred in the process of manufacture and returned to England determined to check its advance.

Back in England, he soon discovered that the British people paid lip-service to internationalism but did nothing practical about it. Organisations dedicated to international understanding talked a lot but achieved little. It was in the face of such hopelessness that Driscoll felt something of the urgent summons to endeavour that

drove Mitchell to perfect the Spitfire to stave off German invasion at the beginning of the war. He resolved to convert goodwill into a production problem.

## Centre of an Empire

The site he chose was near East Croydon Station—ideal for swift access to the city. The house he took was in the select neighbourhood of Addiscombe Grove. At first Europeans came to stay and mix with English people. Classes in five languages brought young people from all parts of Croydon for tuition by native teachers. But Driscoll's mind was set on rapid expansion. His thoughts were obsessed by the fear that, however hard he worked, he could not make up for the years that had been wasted. His eyes, even then, were focused on the vision ahead—a great International Centre at the heart of an Empire, greater even than the *Cité Universitaire* of Paris.

The war years brought the international aspect of his work to a standstill, but the Club continued with the vital task of feeding Government staffs and bombed-out who came from all over England to stay. As neighbouring householders fled to the country, more and more houses were sold to the Club. When the war ended, the Club had control of thirty-five houses.

The war finished, the Club prepared to receive the hundreds of Commonwealth and foreign students who poured into Croydon. In the next two years more than 800 Indian and Pakistani students were to live in the Club, in addition to 150 Chinese, 100 African, 100 West Indian students

*Group of Club members. All barriers of race, religion and colour have been broken down*

and others from fifty different countries. Throughout, one-third of the residents have been English.

Such a tremendous intake required not only unremitting personal attention, but an extended policy to develop the community's social and cultural life. Coach tours were arranged to cultural centres in all parts of England. An International Cricket Team was formed and, in one season, has already made its mark in the town. The Club magazine, *The International News*, has been a useful medium to interpret its international mission to the people of Croydon. It aims also at a worldwide network of correspondents to describe the problems and achievements of ordinary people in every country.

## Activities and Difficulties

The Club Speaker's Service has a standing list of forty students willing to talk about their countries to organisations, clubs, schools and societies in Croydon. With a selection of the world's best young minds concentrated at this Club, the students' Discussion Group makes an excellent target for distinguished speakers who come down each Tuesday to discuss a wide range of problems. To a recent Club Party held in honour of the High Commissioners of India and Pakistan came Ambassadors, High Commissioners and Chargés d'Affaires from many countries. One of the principal guests was the Rt. Hon. Aneurin Bevan, Minister of Health.

One of the main problems in the transition from war to peace has been the education of opinion in the town. 'Racial hatred' is no term to apply to the ordinary people of Croydon, but they have taken time to grow accustomed to the strangers in their midst. Today, a student from overseas can be assured of kindness from all but a very few of Croydon's shopkeepers and residents.

A year ago, the Council, suddenly alarmed by the growth of a huge club in a residential area, sought to restrict its growth. Driscoll appealed to the Ministry of Town and Country Planning and gained a ruling which zoned the entire nine-and-a-half acres for Club development with the firm announcement 'that the public social value of this organisation must prevail.'

Armed with this weapon of Government policy, Driscoll went ahead with his plans. They envisaged three main blocks of ferro-concrete buildings containing 1,000 bedrooms each. A smaller building to one side would house 600 staff. At floor level, provision was made for a swimming bath, a huge lounge, an assembly hall and theatre combined, a gymnasium, library, tea-room, card- and billiard-room; in fact, it contained everything for which the modern student could wish. The cost to the student per week would be £2 5s.

When first brought before Croydon's Planning and Development Committee, the entire scheme was passed with enthusiasm. On second thoughts, in the Council Chamber, a decision was postponed. Brought before the Council again last October, it was rejected after a stormy sitting. Chairman of the Croydon Labour Party, Councillor J. M. Allen, alleged that some councillors who opposed the plans had 'racial hatred in their hearts'. The crux of the argument against the scheme was the question of population density. The Greater London Plan recommends for Croydon a density of seventy-five to the acre. Driscoll asked for the acre density to be raised to 303. Once again Driscoll has appealed to the Ministry of Town and Country Planning.

'Croydon Council,' he says, 'cannot be expected to realise fully the value of this work to the whole nation. This Centre is more than a hundred years overdue. Not only does it cement ties of friendship between Great Britain and the Commonwealth peoples, but, in our present emergency, a Centre designed to attract visitors from overseas can be a source of great financial benefit to Britain. Unless we build for world friendship now, we can be sure that the economic and political differences between peoples will over-ride all else, and unparalleled destructive war will engulf our island.'

*Ripley demonstrates a Chinese Prayer-wheel in the cabin of his Chinese junk—'Mon Lei'*

# Believe It or Not

## FRANCIS J. KNIGHT

THE Sports Editor of the *New York Globe* was calling for the daily cartoon, and Robert Ripley, the sports artist, was stumped for an idea. There was nothing odd in the current news to give him a lead.

Nothing odd . . . Ripley's mind flashed back to some of the odd things that had happened in sport. He wrote a caption 'Champs and Chumps' and began a series of sketches.

There was the man who walked across America backwards, using a large mirror, the Frenchman who stayed under water for 6½ minutes, the two Americans who ran 100 yards in 11 seconds in a three-legged race.

Just as he was about to rush the cartoon off to the editor, Ripley, in sudden inspiration, scratched out the original heading and scribbled 'Believe It or Not'.

Then he strolled out for a cup of coffee entirely unaware that his idea was to make him one of the highest-paid artists in America, take him all over the world, and make 'Believe It or Not' a household phrase.

The next day, 19 December 1918, the first 'Believe It or Not' cartoon appeared. It drew so much comment that the twenty-five-year-old artist was commissioned to draw a similar cartoon each week. Soon, the cartoon appeared daily.

It first attracted nation-wide interest at

the time of the Lindbergh Atlantic flight. In the midst of a chorus of ballyhoo, Ripley published the fact that Lindbergh was not the first man to make a non-stop flight over the Atlantic Ocean. He was, in fact, the sixty-seventh!

Although Lindbergh did make the first solo non-stop flight, he had been preceded by one aeroplane carrying two men and two dirigibles which had brought over 64 men.

Soon editors were requesting permission to copy 'Believe It or Not'.

The *New York Globe* was not big enough to contain Robert L. Ripley. He moved to the *New York Post* who arranged for the Ripley cartoons to be syndicated throughout America. Then, in 1929, Ripley set up on his own and signed a contract with King Features Syndicate for world-wide distribution.

Sports oddities had by now become a minor part of 'Believe It or Not' and Robert Ripley had already started his unique organisation which scours the whole world for odd and unusual happenings.

Today, 'Believe It or Not' is syndicated in 325 papers in America alone and is translated into thirteen different languages for publication in thirty-eight foreign countries. Readers are estimated at over eighty millions.

In his quest for material, Robert Ripley has visited no fewer than 197 countries.

The Duke of Windsor, introducing a Ripley broadcast from Nassau, aptly described Ripley as 'The modern Marco Polo'. Ripley claims that he has visited more foreign countries than any other living person. His ambition is to visit every country.

Besides the oddities that Ripley collects in person, a great mass of odd and curious information is sent to him by the public.

With an average mail of 21,000 letters a week, Ripley claims that he receives more letters than any other living person not holding an official position. Some accuse Ripley of exaggeration or downright lying.

In fact, every oddity published in a 'Believe It or Not' cartoon is checked and rechecked for certain proof of authenticity.

On one occasion a 'Believe It or Not' was responsible for a new law. Americans were shaken by Ripley's disclosure that 'The Star Spangled Banner' was not the official National Anthem and that millions of people stood up and took off their hats for a mere drinking song!

Soon, a petition bearing five million signatures presented to Congress resulted in the necessary legislation being passed. So, in a sense, America has Ripley to thank for its National Anthem!

Another 'Believe It or Not', revealing that no tombstone marked Byron's grave although one marked his dog's, prompted English schoolchildren to make a collection for a suitable stone for the poet.

The newspaper feature is now only a part of Ripley's activities. Robert Ripley is, naturally, in great demand as a lecturer and is able to demand a fee of £250 for each appearance. He is fond of telling the story of a lecture in California when he made what he claims was one of the shortest speeches in history.

Ripley was lecturing in a theatre in which the orchestra pit had been covered over with green baize. Punctually he walked on the stage. 'Ladies and . . .' he said and stepped on to the baize, falling straight down into the empty orchestra pit. Unable to climb out, he had to make his way through the basement to the front of the theatre where the doorkeeper refused him admission unless he bought a ticket.

Radio broadcasts have also become a major interest. There is a regular Saturday night 'Believe It or Not' broadcast over the N.B.C. network.

### The Versatile Ripley

Ripley has also published three 'Believe It or Not' books which have sold more than a million copies, and is now engaged on a fourth. One day he hopes to find time to prepare a complete 'oddcyclopaedia'.

True to American tradition, Ripley was a small-town boy, born of poor parents. His father, a carpenter, died when young Ripley was twelve. To keep his mother

who had two younger children to support, young Robert earned a few dollars after school polishing gravestones and drawing tombstone designs for the local undertaker.

Some posters he did for the local baseball club got him his start in journalism. The editor of the *San Francisco Bulletin* saw them and started young Ripley as sports cartoonist at eight dollars a week. After a year or so Ripley asked for two-and-a-half dollars rise—and was fired!

Ripley himself would provide an ideal subject for one of his own cartoons. He is something of a freak himself!

He draws his cartoons upside down.

He has never had an art lesson.

He has never smoked, never played cards and never had a holiday.

He owns five cars but cannot drive.

He was born on Christmas Day.

He was the first man to broadcast from ship to shore.

He was the first man to broadcast from America to Australia, and from Buenos Aires to New York.

He was the first artist ever to send a cartoon by radio from London to the *New York Tribune* in 1927. In the same year, covering the second Gene Tunney v. Jack Dempsey fight in Chicago, he became the first man to send a drawing by telephone.

In 1931, he broadcast the first radio programme from mid-ocean to a nationwide network in America, and in 1934 he was the first person to broadcast to every nation of the world simultaneously. To do this, he was assisted by linguists.

He still uses the front door of his boyhood home in his present residence—3,000 miles from his birthplace.

That Ripley is not just a stuntist is proved by the fact that he is a fellow of the English Royal Geographical Society, a member of the American Geographical Society, the Circumnavigator's Club, Geographical Society and Adventurers' Club.

Among the American colleges which have awarded him diplomas are Missouri Valley College, Staley College, Massachusetts and Oglethorpe University, Georgia.

When not globe-trotting, Ripley spends most of his time in his bizarre, oriental 29-roomed house at Mamaroneck, Long Island Sound, built on a private island named Bion (Believe It or Not), which is connected to the mainland by a road bridge specially constructed for Mr. Ripley.

Ripley houses a unique collection of freaks, oddities and curios, valued at close on a million pounds!

Among the collection are eggs from China more than a hundred years old, a shrunken human head from South America, a bed weighing two tons covered by a bedspread embroidered in gold, a roomful of ancient Aztec masks and an aquarium with a fish that swims backwards.

He once bought three enormous paintings, ranging from twelve by eighteen feet to eighteen feet by thirty-six feet to secure the one he wanted. The other two have never been unrolled.

One of the highlights of his collection is a wooden self-statue carved by a Japanese artist who made it as lifelike as possible by embellishing it with his own hair, teeth, fingernails and toenails!

On an artificial lake at Bion Island, Ripley has amassed a collection of queer boats including a pedal boat from France, a long and graceful Indian craft from Kashmir and a small, tubby affair made of rope and pitch known as a 'guffa' from Baghdad which he had transported by camel through Irak and Transjordan, thence by boat to America.

Ripley works at his desk from seven to eleven most mornings, selecting material and sketching the layout of his cartoons. The task would be made more difficult for a normal person by the presence of a number of chipmunks (small squirrel-like creatures) which wander round the room, and over the desk. But they don't bother Ripley. When he has finished drawing for the day, he usually pops down to spend an hour in the Turkish bath which he has had installed in the basement.

Perhaps the best comment on Bion comes from Mr. Ripley's housekeeper: 'The most unusual thing in this house is Mr. Ripley.'

# *English Sporting Pictures*

GUY PAGET

*the well-known sporting writer and art expert. Author of* British Sporting Pictures *in the Collins'* Britain in Pictures *Series*

ENGLAND has only one truly indigenous school of painting. It was born neither in the *ateliers* of Paris on absinth and garlic, nor in the studios of Chelsea on gin-and-French, nor on chicken and champagne, the proverbial diet of Victorian R.A.s, but in the fair countryside of England, in the middle of the seventeenth century, and nurtured on English beef and English beer. Its father was Francis Barlow (1626–1704). It has had its rise, its zenith, its fall, and, in this century, its rebirth, but at no time did it require a page of print to convey its meaning to the man-in-the-street.

This common man may ask: 'Then why is it despised and neglected by all the high-brows of the artistic world, both past and present?'

The answer to the last part of the question is: it wasn't. In the past, Stubbs (1724–1806) got almost as much for his pictures as Sir Joshua Reynolds. Wootton (1686–1765), Stubbs and Seymour (1702–52) hold pride of place at Longleat, Badminton, Goodwood and Althorp, and Ferneley (1782–1860) and Marshall (1767–1835) in many a Midland manor.

The answer to the first part is, I fear, IGNORANCE. The pundits of the art world are generally ignorant both of the subject and its difficulties. Many of its exponents were, and are, self-taught, but being, for the most part, poor country yokels, they are too stupid, or honest, to hide their faulty drawing under the cloak of absurd exaggeration. Because they cannot put a head or foot on properly, they do not make it emerge from the stomach and say: 'Ain't I clever?'

As to the present attitude to the pictures of the past, the answer is again: Ignorance. The vast majority of people have to form their opinion of sporting pictures second-hand, either from the uninformed chatter of the studios, or from cheap reproductions from Alken's drawings or from Christmas cards of hunting scenes, with plenty of red coats and faces, holly, snow and beer. The trouble is that the best sporting pictures are still in the hands of their original owners, where they remain hidden away from the general public. Even at 'show' places they are most often in the 'private' apartments. By the time they are reached, if they ever are, the visitors are surfeited with foreign kickshaws, and so are unable to digest these *pièces de résistance*, for the human capacity for taking in good pictures as well as good food has its limits.

How many of the Royal Academicians or other modern painters have seen a dozen original Woottons, Seymours, Stubbs, Wolstenholmes, Ben Marshalls, Ferneleys, Grants, Lutyens or Giles? Not in all the public galleries put together! Or, for that matter, how many have ever even stroked a live horse or shot a grouse or thrown a fly?

The English School of Animal Painters' three hundred years of existence can be roughly divided into three periods. The Primitives: Barlow, Wootton, Seymour, 1650–1750. They had a slightly Dutch flavour. The years 1750–1850 saw their



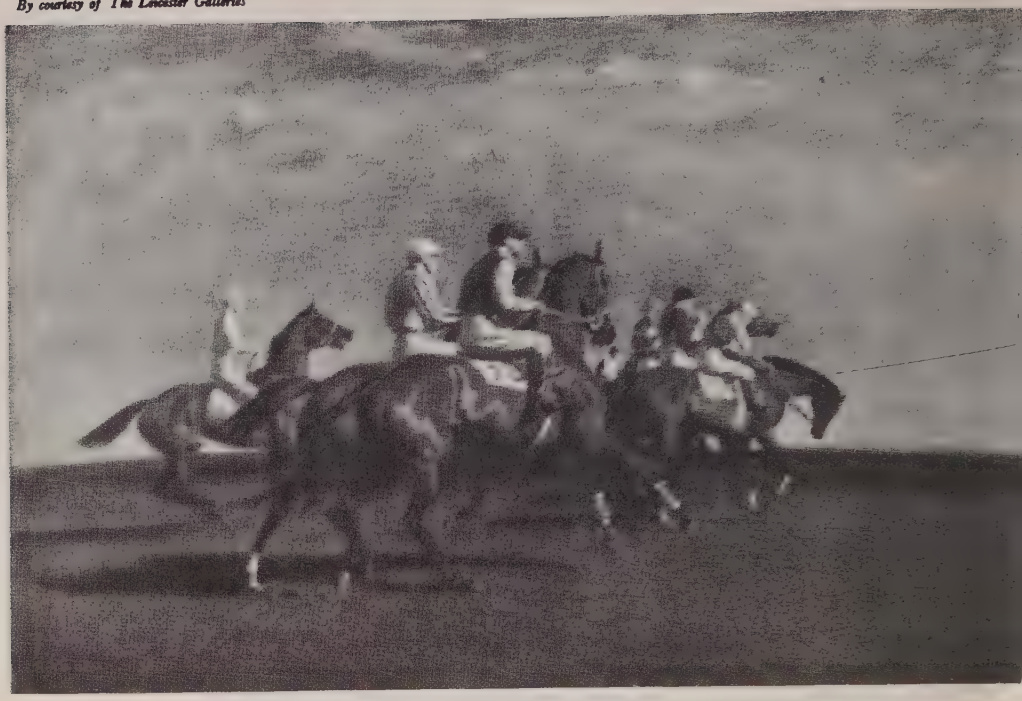
[*Continued on page 53*

*By courtesy o, Major T. G. F. Paget*

EORGE STUBBS

Arab Stallion and Mare

*By courtesy of The Leicester Galleries*



SIR A. J. MUNNINGS, P.R.A. — Going to the Start

*By courtesy of Major T. G. F. Paget*

DEAN WOLSTENHOLME, JNR. — The Meet of the Essex Harrier

J. E. FERNELEY, SNR. Coursing Scene with Sir Robert Leighton

*By courtesy of His Grace The Duke of Westminster*

GEORGE STUBBS The Grosvenor Stag Hunt

*By courtesy of Major T. G. F. Paget*

BEN MARSHALL — Thomas Hilton of Faversham with Old Glory.

GEORGE STUBBS — Lord Bolingbroke's Old Favourite

*Continued from page 48*]


zenith with Stubbs, Marshall and Ferneley as the animal portrait painters; the Alkens (1751–1896), the Pollards (1758–1867), Rowlandson (1756–1827), and S. Howitt (1765–1822) as the illustrators, and Morland (1763–1804), J. M. W. Turner (1775–1851), A. Cooper (1787–1868) and the Wolstenholmes (1757–1883) as 'animals with landscapes' or subject painters.

Then with the camera came the fall, with Landseer (a great painter at times) followed down the slippery slope by Herring, Harry Hall and F. C. Turner. The recovery commenced with Charles Lutyens, Giles and Lucy Kemp-Welch, till we get to the present P.R.A. flanked by Lionel Edwards, Charles Simpson, Raoul Millais, and backed by a good young entry with Peter Scott and Harrison doing wild birds really well.

An artist may easily succeed as a portrait, landscape or subject painter, or even an animal painter, but to succeed as a despised *sporting* artist, he must excel at all four, added to which he must be an accurate draughtsman and anatomist, and possess a photographic eye! Is it surprising, now there is no school of animal painting, that he often fails to attain perfection or even competency in one or more of its branches? Since the days of Stubbs's *The Anatomy of the Horse,* 1766, no artist can get away with upholstered skins on wooden frames, which served Velasquez, Van Dyck, Cuyp and Paul Potter.

## Signed All Over!

The English School sprang up with the England of yesterday, the England of the country palaces, mansions, and manors, houses of the post-Restoration, when men had ceased to worship Mars and had turned to Diana.

It is often said that the mark of a great artist is that his pictures are easily recognised without a written signature. Like Reynolds', they are 'signed all over.' Whatever may be the shortcomings of sporting artists, the best are distinctive without any obvious attempt to be so. Even their sons, following in their fathers' footsteps (some of them too closely to be honest) fail to catch them up. No one can mistake a Marshall, Herring, Alken or Ferneley Snr. for one of their juniors, even if they bear the senior's signature! The exceptions to this rule are the two Wolstenholmes, who worked all their lives in the same studio. Even of them it can be said, you can tell the father from the son but not the son from the father! The son is generally thought to be the better of the two.

The English School from Rowlandson to Armour has shown it can be funny without being either coarse or ugly, and artistic without deserting either truth or beauty. Without it we should know far less of the intimate, private lives of our ancestors, both rich and poor, or of the evolution of our sheep and cattle, had there been no James Ward (1769–1859), or no three Coopers, Abraham (1787–1868), Edwin (1780–1831) and Sidney (1803–1902). Many of their fellow cattle-painters brought discredit on the school, prostituting their art to the cupidity of the breeders by exaggerating for them the unfortunate beasts' 'special points' into absurd lumps and often supporting a two-ton body on sheep's legs! The majority of these sinners were the local sign-painter or his talented (?) neighbour.

Do you condemn the English School of Portraiture of Reynolds, Romney, Raeburn, Grant, Orpen, because of the portraits found in farmhouses? So why condemn the English Sporting School because of the Webbs, Halls and F. C. Turners?

Let us now examine our illustrations. They were chosen by the editor, not by 'art experts', out of a hundred I submitted to him.

On the cover, 'The Lister Turk with Slave', by Wootton, is the ancestor of half the racehorses of today. It is a decorative picture with a fine contrast of colour; the red-robed slave, costing £45, with the white of the £1,000 stallion. (The pound was worth more than 12s. 6d. then!) But for all his beauty, he is upholstered. He has

neither bones nor muscles. Compare him with Lord Bolingbroke's 'Old Favourite' by Stubbs; a far less striking picture, but it is a horse, with not only bones, but muscles too, under the skin. It is alive and, incidentally, worth ten times as much as the Wootton, though in life the opposite would have been the case!

Now Stubbs in action. 'The Grosvenor Stag Hunt' has vigour and swift action, without blood, as in the German sporting pictures of that time. The stag at bay is an incident—its death is not the real reason for the picture. Even in this slightly too light reproduction the vigour and balance come out clearly—and the superb drawing.

## Composition and Harmony of Colour

Now let us turn to 'The Meet of the Essex Harriers' by Dean Wolstenholme, Jnr., but I am not sure that it is not by the father or both, nor do I care. I value a picture for what it means to me, not the signature on it. To me this picture means a lot—a thing of beauty and a joy for ever. In what way is it inferior to the best of the Dutch School from Rubens to Breughel? Have any of them ever painted a better-designed conversation piece, with each figure, man, horse, hound, acting its allotted rôle perfectly naturally from the M.F.H. to the village cur?

The middle tree: did Constable or Claud Lorraine ever show hoar frost better? Then the contrast of the middle distance, the ducks, the asses, the village street, stretching across the flats to where the low hills join the bright, frosty, November sky? There is complete harmony of colour. Yet it is not worth a tenth of what is paid for a rout of Dutch Boers getting drunk in dull browns and dark reds.

Let us examine the John Ferneley of Melton Mowbray, 'Coursing Scene with Sir Robert Leighton'. Here is fine composition, balance of colour, contrasted without clashing, and, above all, good drawing, character and truth. The old gentleman, like his 'long dogs', is a bit blown, for it has been a long course; note the stiffness of the hare. The squire is on his hack, while his groom has his trusted, old hunter. Then, you must take my word for it, the condition of the paint is as fresh and bright as the day it was painted, nor can the drawing of horses, dogs or men be faulted, barring perhaps the groom's right elbow. Forget the subject and drawing; look at it out of focus and you get a great study in browns and whites.

Next we come to Ben Marshall's portrait in oils of Mr. Thomas Hilton of Faversham, Kent, with his hound, Old Glory, complete with fox's mask, 11½ inches by 9½ inches, 1821. It was sold at the Gilbey sale at Christie's two years ago on the same day as a larger version, 35½ inches by 27½ inches, 1822, which fetched £3,500, and which was probably done from this sketch. It is hard to say whether the hound or the man is the better painted; both are obviously 'characters'. There is a sense of atmosphere. This picture was painted out of doors, wherever the big one was.

Then to turn to Munnings' 'Going to the Start'. Here we see portraiture and illustration combined, 'a conversation piece', unless jockeys have changed since I occasionally rode. Munnings is still a great master of colour, and takes infinite pains to get his results. Here is the true impressionist who can splash his paint about and still keep it out of the public's eyes.

The public are becoming more and more alive to this hidden heritage. The Tate Gallery is making some efforts at long last to acquire a few sporting pictures, and even the R.A. are inclined to admit that Stubbs could perhaps paint a bit!

Soon, I hope, a Society of Animal Painters will be formed, and then the people of England will be able to judge for themselves what is good and what they like, in which they are generally more right in the long run than the pundits!

# Scepticism and the Modern World

**Can one be profoundly sceptical as to all theories about the nature of ultimate reality—and yet have a faith, based on experience, that a certain 'way of life' is right absolutely?**

OLAF STAPLEDON

It is often said that the root of our troubles today is that we are losing religion; or losing faith, by which is meant faith in God, faith in ourselves and in each other, faith in mankind, faith in the good or in ideals. I believe there is a rather metaphorical sense in which all this is true, but another sense, more literal, in which it is false.

If faith means believing things without adequate evidence, just because we want to believe, or because we are too lazy to look seriously into the matter, then the less of faith we have, the better, for it is intellectually dishonest and dangerous. But, unfortunately, for ambiguity is confusing, there is another sense of the word 'faith'. Faith may be taken to mean simply to have the courage to stand up for ends felt to be good, even when we have no proof that we shall succeed, nor any clear understanding why good is good, or how it makes a moral claim on us. The more of this sort of 'faith' we have, the better. For instance, faith in goodness is surely justified if this means the conviction that goodness matters, or the firm determination to act as though it mattered, whatever the consequences to oneself. Very often we have to have 'the courage of our convictions'. We have to act *as though* we believed, even when the evidence does not justify belief. A man who sees another drowning may feel bound to act as though he knew he could save him, even if he doubts his own powers of life-saving in a rough sea. If this is 'faith', let us have more of it. But this is a misleading way to use the word. People all too often fail to distinguish between behaving *as though* they believed and actually believing. And so they say that, in some situations where evidence is lacking, we must have actual belief or else fail in courage. Now, of course, it is *easier* to act boldly when one has an unreasoning confidence in the issue. But surely, to face the situation with open eyes, without self-deception, and yet to act with courage, is more admirable, because more honest and adult, than to attain a sham courage by blinding oneself to danger.

On the other hand, Bertrand Russell has said, 'It is nobler to doubt than to believe.' This is only a half-truth, but it is a good antidote to the other half-truth, namely that faith is good in itself, and doubt bad. There are two reasons for valuing doubt. First, it is more conscious than innocent credulity. People only begin to doubt when they are confronted with evidence that seems to conflict with their assumptions. Second, anyone who cares about intellectual honesty or integrity naturally condemns jumping to conclusions, regarding it as hasty, slovenly and crude.

I suggest that we should always be as sceptical as possible before accepting any theory, and that we should withhold belief entirely from all theories about 'ultimate reality', or 'the underlying nature of

existence', or 'God'; but also that *something* in our experience, and the most important thing of all, can withstand all sceptical criticism.

## Belief Without Evidence

When we look around the world today, we can see that in many directions a little less faith and a good deal more of the sceptical spirit would have saved mankind from major disasters.

If the Germans had been less credulous, more critical and sceptical, they might have avoided being caught by Hitler's crazy notions about race and morality. If the Russians were more prone to doubt, they might be less ready to believe that dialectical materialism is a sufficient substitute for religion. And they might not be so naïve as to suppose that American civilisation is about to crash. If the Americans had less faith in themselves and in the magic of unrestrained private enterprise, they might take steps to avoid the coming slump. They might even be more wholehearted in their effort to save Europe from starvation. (Both these 'ifs', of course, apply also to sections of our own people.) If some followers of Freud had been a little more critical, they would not have mistaken the works of that great pioneer for a new gospel. If some scientists had been more sceptical of the power of natural science, many people might have escaped the loss of 'faith' in Man. For some scientists brightly claimed that even the most developed human experience and behaviour could be fully explained simply in terms of 'instincts' or 'reflexes', or chemical combinations; and therefore that personal love, art, science, philosophy and all the finest things in life were 'at bottom' *mere* animal reactions to stimuli. If some rationalists had been more sceptical about the scope and power of human reason itself, there would have been none of that doctrinaire and blinkered rationalism which, lacking humility and wonder, either offers bogus rational explanations of all the great mysteries or simply denies their existence.

Similarly, if theologians and metaphysicians had been more sceptical as to the power of human intellect to formulate true statements about ultimate reality, the wars of religion and the orgies of religious persecution might have been avoided. Further, if we and our predecessors had not been so credulous as to believe the theologians and metaphysicians, who claimed that religion and morality must be founded on certain beliefs about the universe as a whole, we need not have clung to the Bible story of creation, or even the uncertain theory of a personal God, in order to justify our conviction that goodness matters; nor

**Olaf Stapledon, well-known philosopher and writer of imaginative fiction, started life as a schoolmaster and then worked in a shipping office in Liverpool and Port Said. However, since then, except for a long spell in the Friends' Ambulance Unit in the 1914-18 war, he has devoted himself, apart from his writing, to Adult Education, in philosophy and psychology, chiefly at the University of Liverpool. During the last war (as well as growing a lot of food with his own hands in his acre of ground) he lectured extensively to all branches of the Services. He is the author of *Last and First Men*, *Saints and Revolutionaries*, *Philosophy and Living*, *Beyond the 'Isms*, etc., Whether one agrees with Stapledon's conclusions, or not, it is impossible not to admire his absolute intellectual integrity and his passionate desire to relate philosophy and psychology to the concrete personal and political problems of everyday life.**

would those of us who finally surrendered these beliefs have been in danger of concluding that nothing matters but to have a good time. Finally, on the personal level, if John had been a little more sceptical about Jane's perfection, the flaws that inevitably appeared in her character after the honeymoon might not have shocked him into deserting her.

Clearly there is a strong case against faith, if the word means belief without adequate evidence.

## Charges Against Scepticism

Then what of the case against scepticism? Two kinds of charges are made. First, it is often said that scepticism is bad because it has bad effects. Second, it is claimed that some of the most important beliefs are fundamentally irrational, and yet must be believed.

With regard to scepticism's bad effects, we are told that it leads to inertia and moral irresponsibility. Only faith, they say, can move mountains, and if we are to save civilisation, many mountains must be moved. Scepticism, it is said, undermines belief in moral obligation, because this depends on faith in God as the ground of all goodness. The believer may, however, admit that some sceptics and atheists are virtuous, but this, he may say, is only because they have formed a moral *habit* as a result of Christian upbringing and tradition. Their morality is then just a hangover from Christianity, and has no sure foundation. A society that accepts Christian morality, but has discarded Christian doctrines, is living (we are told) on its 'moral capital', and after a few generations, it will surely sink into immorality and chaos. Further, it may be argued that, if there had been less scepticism about Christianity, people would not have had to seek satisfaction for their religious needs in such 'bogus religions' as Nazism, Marxism, Freudianism, Evolutionism, and the many other cults of our day.

What answer is there to the charge that scepticism is bad because of its bad effects?

The first thing to say is that, if scepticism is in fact justified, we shall do no good by merely hushing it up, simply on the score of its bad effects. For, sooner or later, the truth will out. And in the meantime, to live on sheer wishful thinking or on a lie, even a comforting or encouraging one, is childish. Let us rather face the facts and strive to adjust ourselves to them.

But *are* these charges against scepticism true? No doubt, people who have been brought up to believe that morality depends on God may go to pieces when their faith in God is undermined; just as those who have been brought up to believe in hell-fire as the supreme moral sanction may become morally irresponsible if they lose that belief. But today many people manage to behave decently and even heroically without the fear of hell; and many others without belief in God.

The point surely is that genuine morality involves loving the good simply *for its own sake*, and acting rightly simply for its own sake; not for fear of punishment, nor even out of respect for God's will. Both the virtuous sceptic and the virtuous Christian do the good simply because they are possessed by a compelling vision of the good itself. And in the last resort the Christian worships God *because* he believes God to be good. Good is not called 'good' simply *because* God wills it. As for the argument that the virtuous sceptic is virtuous simply through a well-established moral habit inculcated by Christianity, we may gladly recognise that Christianity has been a great force clarifying man's *vision* of goodness, and yet question whether Christian *theory* about the logical basis of morality is true. The one, perhaps, must be preserved, the other outgrown.

Finally, what of the charge that the undermining of Christianity by scepticism has driven men to seek bogus religions? Here, I think, we must frankly admit that this has sometimes happened. And this fact does, I think, point to the conclusion that scepticism alone is not enough. Alone, it *may*, indeed, lead either to bogus religion or to inertia and moral irresponsibility.

For a full and truly human life much more is needed besides sheer intellectual integrity or the refusal to believe without adequate evidence. I do not mean that in some cases we should sacrifice intellectual integrity for the sake of something more important. Rigorous intellectual integrity seems to me desirable both for its own sake and because its betrayal leads in the end to disaster. But there are indeed some things of supreme importance which, whatever some insufficiently sceptical rationalists may say, can quite well withstand the corrosive power of sceptism.

What, then, is it that survives the test and is supremely important?

## 'Poetic' Truth

Before trying to answer this question, I shall deal with the second kind of charge that the believers make against scepticism. Superficially it is like the statement that I have made about the limitations of scepticism, but really it is very different. Some things, it is said, are so important that one must believe in them even if the belief seems positively *irrational*. It is claimed that, when we look into these sublime beliefs, we discover that they are expressions, necessarily halting and self-contradictory because couched in feeble human language, of truths too deep for reason; and that their very irrationality is a symptom of their truth. The attempt to undermine them intellectually, we are told, is due to a narrow or blind 'intellectualism', an uncritical faith in human reason.

For instance, the sceptic may say that it is inconsistent to believe in a God who is a person and yet also 'external' or 'timeless', or 'outside time'; for the word 'person' essentially *means* something which is or has a conscious life going on in time. The believer replies that this mystery is beyond the proper scope of reason, and that it is important to hang on to both these inconsistent attributes of God. Or he may say that of course God is not an ordinary person, he is 'suprapersonal'. This is no better than saying that there is a 'round square' which is not just round but 'supra-circular'. Such statements mean nothing at all. So what is the good of making them?

An objection may be raised. Even in physics, inconsistent theories may be accepted for special purposes. The election is for some purposes a wave-train and for others a particle. We do not for this reason reject atomic theory. Then why reject mutually inconsistent religious doctrines?

The answer is that physical theories are not articles of faith by which to orientate one's whole life. They are logically fictions, justified for certain purposes, up to a point. No physicist *believes* that an election is at once a wave-train and a particle. Similarly, with mutually inconsistent religious doctrines, *if* you are convinced that each is true in its special limited field, you may, without violation of intellectual integrity, use them both as serviceable logical fictions, though always with your tongue in your cheek. But do not combine them in a single sublime doctrine or mystery, and claim to believe that mystery, since such a hybrid is meaningless, and literally unbelievable.

Some believers claim that the great systems of metaphysical speculation and religious doctrine should not be rejected merely for their logical incoherence, since they are expressions of a whole attitude to life founded on a lifetime of experience. They are true 'poetically', if not logically.

This view surely rests on a confusion. Dante's *Divine Comedy* may be said to be true 'poetically' in that it expresses an attitude to man and the universe which the sensitive reader is compelled to accept as in many ways emotionally adequate or adult. But he is not, therefore, justified in believing Dante's account of the universe as a system of concentric spheres with Satan at the centre and God outside all.

'Poetic' truth does not demand belief, but only a temporary suspension of disbelief. Metaphysical and religious doctrines, on the other hand, claim belief, and must stand the test of criticism. Of course, the withholding of belief from a doctrine

does not preclude the cherishing of its 'poetical' truth. The story of the Crucifixion contains profound 'poetical' truth, whether one believes it literally or not. Surely the adult and fully-conscious behaviour is to distinguish between belief and emotional acceptance of an attitude, and to appreciate 'poetical' truth while maintaining rigorous intellectual agnosticism about 'ultimate reality'.

Yet, as I have said, mere scepticism is not enough. We desperately need some positive conviction to guide us and inspire us. I suggest a solution.

## Faith of a Sceptic

First, we must indeed be profoundly sceptical as to all far-reaching theories about the nature of ultimate reality or the universe as a whole, for the simple reason that human intellect and indeed human language itself are utterly incapable of forming reliable ideas on such a high plane of thought, or even of asking really significant questions. Nearly all the great questions have turned out to be false questions, unanswerable because misconceived.

A simple example is the old question whether the earth was the centre of the universe, or the sun. Answer, neither; for it has no centre. It is overwhelmingly probable that the questions whether there is a God or not, and whether we have immortal souls or not, are even further from being answerable, because they are sheer false questions. Scepticism on this loftiest plane of thought rules out alike all religious doctrine and all anti-religious doctrine, all theism and all atheism. On this plane strict agnosticism is the adult way, the way of integrity, both intellectual and spiritual. We must learn to stand without the unsure props of metaphysical doctrine. We must learn to face the universe with a new humility, realising its greatness and our littleness, its subtlety and our simplicity.

But this is not the last word in the matter. We have within our ordinary experience enough to transform us from mean little self-seekers to self-transcending servants of the only divine thing we can ever conceive; if only we will open our eyes and see it. And this is not a matter of faith but of certainty.

Sceptical theories may claim to undermine it, but they cannot, because it is not something remote and unintelligible but something confronting us every day in our own lives and the lives of our fellows. When we are really 'awake', most clearly conscious, and not bemused by some trivial little irrelevant obsession, such as a craving for security or power or a gay time, we simply cannot but see and worship this thing, and strive to embody it in our lives. Unfortunately we have no satisfactory name for it; and though we all know something of it, we easily misconceive it under the influence of theories, theological or scientific. It presents itself to us as an ideal, a way of life. It is the way of sensitive and intelligent awareness of the world and of ourselves and each other, the way of love and fellowship, and self-outgrowing through love and fellowship. It is the way of devoted and coherent and creative action in the world for the advancement of this kind of living. Call it, if you like, the 'spirit'. But we must not assume that it is a world-soul, or God. Of these we know nothing. It is simply 'the Way', or in Eastern language 'Tao'.

This is the great certainty. We need no faith in it; for to see it clearly is to cherish it for its own sake, and to desire it for oneself and for all men and for the race as a whole. In virtue of our experience as self-aware and other-aware beings, we can see that *any* sufficiently awake mind in any period and in any world throughout the universe cannot but give its final allegiance to this spirit, unless it is perverted either by irrelevant obsessions or by too ambitious and unsceptical theorising conceived without clear vision.

# Wanted: Plays of Quality

PATRICK GIBBS

If you happen to be in the West End of London on a Sunday evening, you may be surprised to see people entering through open doors one or other of the theatres. For what purpose, you ask, are people crowding into this theatre foyer, greeting friends, paying money at the box office, behaving for all the world like any weekday theatre audience? Could it be that they are going, on a Sunday night, to see a play?

The answer may well be 'yes', for hardly a Sunday evening now passes without a play being produced at some West End theatre. The producing managements are 'Sunday societies', the actors professionals and the audience is composed of members; the standard of play, production and performance may equal the best of the everyday theatre. Some half-dozen of these societies are active, each with differing policies and different organisations, but all having in common the aim to produce plays on Sunday nights.

Why, you may ask, should professional actors take thus a 'busman's holiday', and why should they choose of all the days of the week a Sunday to present their play? On no other day but a Sunday can theatres be hired or borrowed, since during the week they are occupied with running productions. As for the reason why actors form themselves into a society, undertake the arduous business of finding a play and setting it in production, then rehearse for nearly a month, all for a single performance—it is because they want to be seen, and noticed. For acting is an overcrowded profession and talent often impossible to recognise except in actual performance; so what more natural than for actors themselves to organise such performances in order to provide what I would describe as a 'shop window' for their abilities.

A shop with a window: that is exactly what these Sunday societies are, each—to extend the analogy—existing to display a different type of theatrical commodity. And buyers certainly gather around this window, for if theatrical ability is difficult to exhibit, genuine talent is also difficult to find, and Sunday performances are regularly attended by managements, agents and—in these days not least important—representatives of film companies, the 'talent scouts' of fiction! The work of actors, producers, scene designers and, in some cases, of new playwrights, is on view: rarely does a Sunday performance fail to result in the engagement of at least one player for a part in a play or film. It may, indeed, result in much more: the discovery of a new play which appeals to a management so much that they decide to stage it in the commercial theatre, transferring in the process many of the original cast.

Not all Sunday societies present new plays, some reviving occasionally a little-known work, but in general the desire is to stage a new play—for the excellent reason that the society's very existence depends on doing so. It is a reason concerned not with art but with money. The cost of productions cannot normally be met out

*A scene from* Noose, *Richard Llewelyn's play, first produced by the Services' Sunday Society*

of income from subscriptions and the sale of seats, for 'audience' membership must be limited to the number a theatre will hold. A society, therefore, is presented with an automatically adverse balance sheet, which it can make favourable in only one way—by finding a new play which will succeed in the everyday theatre.

In such an event, the arrangement between the producing management and the society will be similar to that which I described in an earlier article between a management and an experimental theatre: the society will receive a percentage of takings, or perhaps profits during the commercial life of the play. Arrangements differ in detail, but the result is the same: the society which found and exhibited the play gets credit in the form of an income.

The Sunday societies are more dependent on the discovery of a successful play than the experimental theatres which usually have only a small auditorium, but they can run a play for three or four weeks, and so allow its membership to reach a figure which will contribute largely towards production expenses. The Sunday society has the advantage of using a full-sized theatre and stage, but it can give only one performance; a repeat on subsequent Sundays is impossible for several reasons. Theatre owners are reluctant to lease theatres for single performances; it is unlikely they would be willing to do so for a series. The cast, recruited from various sources, could hardly be kept together for more than a single performance, for which it is, of course, unpaid. And, in fact, production costs would be little reduced by a repetition since the chief expense is caused by hire of the theatre and payment of staff, an expense that would be repeated.

Membership of the Sunday society must be limited to the accommodation of an average theatre for one performance. Failure to have a play 'bought' at regular intervals must result, inevitably, in a society having to cease production. So it was that, in the period between the two wars, Sunday societies arose and disappeared in bewildering profusion. From that era there has survived only the remarkable Repertory Players, entering now on their twenty-seventh year of life.

This society owes its longevity, of course, to its success in finding new plays. Its rules, in fact, prohibit revivals. New plays must be found, not less than eight a year. Looking down the long list of productions, I am all admiration at the

*A scene from* The Wanderer *by Gavin Lambert, produced by the Under Thirty Group*

committee's judgments to see that some proportion, such as one play in six, has been 'sold' to stage or films. The Repertory Players, it will be realised, are an altogether exceptional survival; its membership includes several well-known managers as well as many players whose names are household property; and its organisation, in which a new list of acting members and a new committee is elected each season under the chairmanship of a 'civilian', is both peculiar in structure and efficient in fact.

## Discovering New Plays

Here, then, is the shop-window *par excellence*: good new plays well mounted, well produced and well acted by established players. These actors and actresses are willing, indeed anxious, to appear on a Sunday night for three main reasons—a love of their craft; a desire to break the monotony of a long run in which they appear in the same part; and, often, an ambition to be seen in some character they have not portrayed before—a wish to avoid being 'typed', to show they can do 'something different'.

So successful has the society been that it has been able to accumulate some capital—no mean feat when a production costs anything from £200 to £500. Even so, its position on starting operations again after the war was said at one time to be uncertain: a dozen new plays were produced without one appealing to the managers. However, a farce, *The Happiest Days of Your Life*, presented in the autumn, has been bought by H. M. Tennent. Plays coming in seem now to be of better quality, and all may now be well. Still, the business of finding suitable new plays is no sinecure; some 275 typescripts have been read by the Repertory Players since the war, eighteen have been produced; only one was a 'winner'.

## The Under Thirty Group

Plays are judged primarily on dramatic merits; suitability for production is considered afterwards, and I do not wish to give the impression that the society is a commercial undertaking. The first objective is to satisfy members, acting and audience, who demand a worthwhile production; but a play must sooner or later be 'sold' if the society is to survive, and the committee's eye must not stray too far from the commercial objective, which, incidentally, places less restriction on choice than might be supposed. After all, a commercial play in the final instance is any play that makes money, and all sorts of plays, even masterpieces, do that. Those who enjoy an evening in a West End theatre do not normally inquire where the play came from. If a society can find 'one of these' every two or three years, it can afford to study in the meantime its own tastes.

How welcome, for instance, would be the discovery of a successful new play to the Under Thirty Group! This society, one of several that have sprung up since the war, is almost completely described by its name. Membership is restricted to young people, the shop window in this case being organised to draw attention to embryo talent. The founders, two former

students of the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art, Oscar Quittak and Karris Mond, felt strongly that too many young actors of promise were being forced out of the theatrical profession by necessity before they had been given any opportunity to be judged in it. In their words, 'there was a need for an organisation through which young people could be seen and judged on their work.' Such a need the Under Thirty Group supplies; its active membership is open to all young people with six months' experience in the theatre. Now there are 270 acting members; half a dozen plays have been produced, and as a result, a dozen members have obtained engagements. The original intention to produce only new plays by authors under thirty was abandoned, rather wisely, after some criticism of the first production, *This Mortal Coil*, by the twenty-nine-year-old Edward Rutherford. But the Group still gives first consideration to the work of young playwrights. No production has been without interest, but the last, *Blood Wedding*, by the Spaniard, Lorca, was, perhaps, a higher hurdle than the Group can yet take in its stride. Still it was good to see a play by this rarely performed dramatist, encouraging to note the excellent work of the producer, Karris Mond, and delightful to rest the eyes on the economical and clever composite settings by Bertram Tyrer.

## The Economic Difficulties

However, the merit of interest is insufficient to keep a Sunday society solvent. Although every one of the Group's productions has succeeded in obtaining an engagement for at least one participant, such success is not enough. The Group want to present plays of merit, but it would be delighted to find such a play with an appeal to a management, thus obtaining an income for further experiment. If enthusiasm alone would produce a play, the Group would have no difficulties, but whatever economies are made, certain production costs are high and inevitable. In spite of the fact that members themselves made the excellent settings and costumes for *Blood Wedding*, the production cost about £160, towards which receipts for tickets contributed little. Lease of a theatre and payment of staff—electricians and scene shifters working at overtime rates—will leave little change from £100. Here no economies are possible, for theatre owners insist on the expensive back-stage equipment being operated by their own professional staff, and by law a certain minimum number of attendants is required in 'the front of the house'. It is understandable that it is not lack of talent but lack of 'backing' that should be the Group's main concern.

Another society presenting plays on Sundays is the London Players' Guild, 'formed for the purpose of bringing to the notice of managements, in particular, and the public, in general, understudies and small-part players unknown in London.' That succinct sentence from the Guild's prospectus tells all. Here certainly is a society capable of useful work: understudies are notoriously overlooked; understudying during a long run is a lot hard to bear for an actor with ambition. The member of a provincial repertory company, too, may welcome the chance to be

*Under Thirty Group members in* Blood Wedding *by the Spanish dramatist, Lorca*

seen by London managements instead of waiting wistfully for them to come and see him. The idea for such a society originated with the understudies at the Globe during the run of *The Gleam* last year; support was quickly forthcoming from other theatres, and already the Guild has three productions to its credit, all given at the Whitehall Theatre, lent by a sympathetic management. The Guild's secretary, I was interested to learn, read some 150 new plays in his first few weeks of office without discovering one worthy of production! However, the organisation seems to be financially rather exceptional. Its last production, *Still She Wished for Company*, by the novelist, Margaret Irwin, cost about £150, yet it showed a loss of only a few pounds, some £130 being taken at the box office.

Rather older than the Players' Guild is the Services' Sunday Society, formed at the end of the war to help actors and actresses from the Services in getting work again in their profession. These people had been forgotten, it was thought, and managers should be reminded that they were available once more. Membership is strong, and the Society works in close co-operation with Reunion Theatre, an organisation acting as a liaison between the ex-service actors and the commercial theatre. In 1946, the first year of its existence, the society was either fortunate or skilful, for two plays were produced which were seen afterwards in West End theatres: *And No Birds Sang* and *The Man from the Ministry*. And last year it gave a first production to Richard Llewelyn's *Noose*, afterwards successful at the Saville. To produce eight new plays a year is the aim, but the difficulty is as usual: new plays of quality are hard to come by. Some two hundred plays a year come into the Society's office, few of which are worth a serious thought. Meanwhile the search continues, here as elsewhere, while the Society enters upon its third year of life. Its original purpose of displaying the soldier-actor on demobilisation would now appear to have been outlived, and in fact a change both of name and objectives is at present under consideration.

Of 'The Present Age Players', most recent recruits to the ranks of Sunday producers, too little has yet been seen to justify comment. But I, personally, feel that the battlefield is already sufficiently occupied, and only the most deserving of aims can justify now the foundation of another Sunday society.

Before concluding, however, this must be said: anybody who produces a play on a Sunday night, whatever the result, commands a certain respect, for the technical difficulties are formidable. The company, after three or four weeks' rehearsal, cannot normally get on to the stage from which it is giving the actual performance until the 'day of play'. Only the most perfunctory dress rehearsal with the set in position is possible—held some time between sunrise and curtain-rise on the Sunday in question. Lighting and music cues have often to be taken on trust. It is wonderful indeed that the majority of these performances run without a hitch. As a critic I am concerned perforce solely with results—the production as it appears—and may often judge harshly; but as a lover of the theatre every Sunday production must from another aspect be accorded all possible praise.

Finally, mere mention of one other organisation producing on a Sunday night, The Green Room Society, whose aims and productions differ completely from all those described. This society, offshoot of the actors' Green Room Club, exists to raise funds which are devoted to theatrical charities. It does so by producing each year three 'rags' on a Sunday night in a West End theatre. These productions are, in fact, 'all star' variety programmes in which well-known actors join with stars from music hall and revue to provide an incomparable evening's entertainment.

Theatres, unlike cinemas, have not yet the right to give public performances on a Sunday, and yet, as this survey shows, a play is being presented in one or other of the London theatres most Sundays—admission to members only.

## RICHARD FORD'S

# GATHERINGS FROM SPAIN

### REVIEWED BY MAURICE RICHARDSON

It is impossible to write about Ford without raving over him. The problem is how to convey an adequate impression of his entrancing quality. He is nothing like so widely known as he deserves to be, so much so that one is at times almost inclined to suspect a conspiracy against him, a Victorian, neo-Calvinistic conspiracy directed towards the suppression of too much pleasure in literature, reinforced, perhaps, by Catholic disapproval, for Ford is much more intransigently anti-Papist than his friend Borrow. There are few books which date so little a century after their publication as the *Gatherings*, written originally as a guide-book to the peninsula, collected and composed between 1830 and 1845. Open it anywhere and it crackles with vitality like a tomcat's back. Read it before you go to Spain—any Spain, even Franco's—and it will provide you with better background than half a dozen political surveys. Read it after you come back and you will be impressed by the aptness and accuracy of its observations.

Richard Ford was a one-book man and an amateur writer, one of those essentially English, inspired amateurs, ideologically a by-product of the happy tradition of the Whig aristocracy, despite his family's Tory affiliations. He was born in Chelsea in 1796, eldest son of Sir Richard Ford, friend of Pitt, sometime Under-Secretary of State for the Home Department, Bow Street magistrate and founder of the London mounted police force. His mother was a talented painter. After the usual English gentleman's education of his time—Eton, Oxford, the bar—he married in 1824 the beautiful Harriet Capel, daughter of the Earl of Essex. In 1830 the state of his wife's health made it necessary for them to winter in a warm climate and they settled in Seville, whence Ford set out on journeys to every corner of the peninsula which occupied him for the next three years, riding over 2,000 miles on muleback. In December 1833 he returned to England to lead at Heavitree near Exeter what he called 'a humdrum life amid my flowers and books', which caused him to drop, for the time being, his project of writing a book about his Spanish experiences.

In 1838 the *Quarterly Review* published an article by him on bull-fights which attracted attention, and John Murray, the publisher, suggested he should write a Hand-book on Spain. Ford worked at it for seven years. The original version was considered too discursive; the edition, of which only twenty copies existed, was cancelled, involving Ford in a loss (Oh, Mr. Murray!) of £500. The condensed version of over 1,000 pages in two volumes was published in 1845, sold 1,389 copies in three months and had an immediate *succès d'estime*. A further abridgment, together with some of the rejected material, was published in 1846 under the title of *Gatherings from Spain*. This was reprinted several times and included in Dent's 'Everyman Library' in 1906. The first act of the *aficionado* of Ford after reading the *Gatherings* is to set out in search of the Hand-book. For the original cancelled edition he will have to have recourse to the British Museum Library.

Ford lived at Heavitree, pleasantly and uneventfully, except for the deaths of his first and second wives. He married a third time in 1851 and died in 1855.

## Integrity of Taste

Scholarship, taste, a peculiar aptitude for catching the significant detail, trapping the *genius loci*, Ford combined with these qualities an infectious zest. It infuses his lively, sinewy, colloquial style which, though light and easy, is never superficial. Spain is apt to provoke violent reactions in the Anglo-Saxon traveller, enthusiasms that are sometimes better left unexpressed. Ford, writing at a time when the vogue for Gothic romanticism had barely spent itself, might have been excused an occasional bout of flamboyance. He never once indulges. How unlike Gautier, the professional aesthete and connoisseur; but Frenchmen, as Ford and all Spaniards will tell you, can never understand Spain. Ford preserves a remarkable integrity of taste and objectivity. He sees through the false theatrical glamour that special brand of Spanish 'tattiness' to which Spanish intellectuals have applied the term *lo cursi*—a derivative, according to Ramón Gomez de la Serna, of the rococo—and fastens everywhere on that harsh virility and eccentric individualism which is the distinctive quality of the Spanish genius.

There is no special plan to the book. It opens with an admirable section on the geography of the peninsula and its importance in forming Spanish history and character, and proceeds pleasantly and discursively from chapters on Travel, Servants, Cooking, Wines, Robbers to Doctors, Bull-fights, the Theatre, and Tobacco. It is remarkable how so entertaining a book, one that is so conspicuously written to please, turns out to be so instructive. As incidental historian, philosopher and sociologist, Ford, the sprightly traveller's guide, from his very first page, in which he stresses the importance of regionalism as the key to a proper understanding of Spain, succeeds in being dead on the beam. It is not too much to claim that, after reading him, that irritating fog of obscurity which seems to hang over the writing of Spanish nineteenth- and twentieth-century thinkers, such as Angel Ganvet and Ortega y Gasset, begins to lift. Read him on Spanish swearing: 'The great oath of Spain, which ought never to be written or pronounced, practically forms the foundation of the language of the lower orders; it is a most ancient remnant of the phallic abjuration of the evil eye'—and he illuminates Hemingway.

Some of his general observations may appear obvious but they are expressed with peculiar cogency. It would be difficult to find a more masterly summary of the Spanish predicament than the following:

'Common danger and interest can scarcely keep them together, the tendency of each being rather to repel than to attract the other: the common enemy once removed, they instantly fall to loggerheads among each other, especially if there be any spoil to be divided: scarcely ever, as in the East, can the energy of one individual bind the loose staves by the iron power of a master mind; remove the band, and the centrifugal members instantaneously disunite. Thus the virility and vitality of the noble people have been neutralised: they have, indeed, strong limbs and honest hearts; but, as in the Oriental parable, 'a head' is wanting to direct and govern: hence Spain is today, as it has always been, a bundle of small bodies tied together by a rope of sand, and, being without union, is also without strength and has been beaten in detail. The much-used phrase *Españolismo* expresses rather a 'dislike of foreign dictation', and the 'self-estimation' of Spaniards, *Españoles sobre todos*, than any real patriotic love of country, however highly they rate its excellences and superiority to every other one under heaven. . . .'

That paragraph might well serve as a text for U.N. delegates and the personnel of the peninsular section of the Foreign Office, to be followed up by this:

'The real permanent and standing cause of Spain's thinly peopled state, want of cultivation and abomination of desolation, is BAD GOVERNMENT, civil and religious; this all who run may read in her lonely land and silent towns.'

And, as a final reminder, this dictum on the course of Spanish fiscal history: 'Since

the reign of Philip II every act of dishonesty has been perpetrated.'

### Acute Diagnosis

The only way in which Ford dates is the way in which all travel books must date—because of change. And Spain has changed much less than the rest of Europe during the last century. The main lines of development, the uneven industrialisation on top of a semi-feudal social system and positively Oriental rural conditions, can be traced back to the historical conditions which he diagnosed so astutely. At the same time, though fully realising that Spain had never recovered from the overstrain of the *Siglo de Oro* and had been, in a sense, a decaying organism for over two centuries, he recognised and praised that electric Spanish masculine vitality which, sometimes, by a peculiarly Spanish contradiction, finds its expression in laziness.

As a reporter Ford was first class. Here is a grim little vignette of the public garrotting of a bandit which he witnessed:

'The priest who attended Veneno was a bloated, corpulent man, more occupied in shading the sun from his own face, than in his ghostly office; the robber sat with a writhing look of agony, grinding his clenched teeth. When all was ready the executioner took the lever of the screw in both hands, gathered himself up for a strong muscular effort, and, at the moment of a preconcerted signal, drew the iron collar tight, while an attendant flung a black handkerchief over the face—a convulsive pressure of the hands and a heaving of the chest were the only visible signs of the passing of the robber's spirit. After a pause of a few moments, the executioner cautiously peeped under the handkerchief, and after having given another turn to the screw, lifted it off, carefully put it up, carefully put it into his pocket, and then proceeded to light a cigar . . . .'

The detail and the slight touch of irony might suggest sadism, in fact, they denote objectivity. Ford's attitude towards cruelty and oppression is admirably civilised. His bull-fight chapters are beautifully balanced in this respect. He sees 'the poetical ferocity of the whole, for the interest of the tragedy of real death is undeniable, irresistible and absorbing', but, unlike so many English or American *aficionados*, he refuses to gloss over the barbarism — or the boredom which, whatever Hemingway and the fans say, is bound to supervene.

One of his best chapters is the one about Spanish doctors, at whom he discharges a terrific broadcast. 'The Spanish medical man is shunned, not only because he is dangerous like a rattlesnake, but from jealousies that churchmen entertain against a rival profession,' he begins. The diatribe rises to a crescendo: 'The names of . . . hospitals are happily chosen, that of Seville is called *La Sangre*, the blood, or *Las Cinco Llagas*, the five bleeding wounds of our Saviour . . . blood is an ominous name for this house and home of *sangrado*, where the lancet, like the Spanish knife, gives no quarter . . .' He notes down every conceivable surgical and medical abuse, even to the revolting behaviour of 'the keepers (fit wild beast term)' of Toledo lunatic asylum who 'always conducted strangers to the cage or den of the wife of a celebrated Captain-General of Catalonia' where 'she was permitted to wallow in naked filth, and be made a public show.'

The Bull-fight section comes towards the end. After it the *Gatherings* take on a rather melancholy aspect. Ford seems to have become suddenly extra-conscious of that feeling for death in life which is never far away in Spain and which is uncongenial to his gay, extravert temperament, though he is sensitive enough to feel its poetic quality. He would have approved, one feels, of Hemingway's passionately nostalgic epilogue to '*Death in the Afternoon*'. He recovers his spirits in the final chapters on the Theatre, Dancing and Flamenco, and the Spanish national passion for tobacco which intrigues him more than it does us living in a world of addicts. And here we must leave him. It is one of his charms that you pick him up and put him down anywhere. Open him and he crackles.

## Our Threatened Industry

SIR E. J. REED sent to *The Times* last month a letter which confirms and emphasises all that has been said concerning the extent to which foreign competitors are beating us, both in the neutral market and in our own. Alike in France, in Germany, and the United States, he reports that the Englishman is being outstripped in the race. It is, however, all nonsense for Scotch engineers to pretend that it is the wages they pay that puts them at a disadvantage with American masters. Wages are higher in the States than in Scotland, and still the Americans are beating us. What is wanted is more brain, more push, and more kindly co-operation between masters and men. The service rendered by the *Daily News* in facilitating the close of the seven months' strike stands in welcome contrast to the way in which the other Liberal Daily has constantly inflamed the controversy and embittered the unhappy dispute. If ever there was a time when we needed to remember the saying, 'Blessed are the peacemakers', now is the time. We cannot indulge much longer in encouraging the cut-throat sentiment between masters and men. The end of that is blue ruin all round.

## The Secret of Sex

One of the entertaining topics that have provoked discussion last month is the claim of a German scientist, Dr. Schenck, to have discovered the secret of fixing the sex of unborn children. By dieting the mother in a peculiar fashion, this Dr. Schenck asserts he can decide whether the expected stranger shall be boy or girl. The bees we know can develop the grubs of neuters into queens by altering their diet, but hitherto science has failed to penetrate the secret of how it was done. The case of twins of opposite sexes seems to conflict with Dr. Schenck's theory, but perchance under his system twins will never be of different sexes. It is an interesting subject for speculation as to whether parents would, on the whole, be wiser distributors of the sexes than the present unknown law. If the analogy of the bees may be taken as a guide, the control of sex would rapidly be followed by its elimination. Signor Ferrero has just proclaimed that the comparative sexlessness of northern nations is the secret of their industrial supremacy. From this there is but a step to the evolution of a race of entirely sexless workers which, like neuter bees, would be consecrated from birth to sterility and labour.

## Why we are being beaten in the World's Markets

### 1. By the Americans

Mr. Jacob Schoenhof, writing in the *Forum* for January on 'Exports and Wages' adds the weight of his testimony to the effect that success in the markets of the world does not depend so much upon cheap labour as upon brains.

> Higher wages and lower labour cost may seem an anomaly from the traditional point of view. Our own experience shows, however, that the cost of labour depends upon the output, and that a low cost can well be maintained at a high rate of wages, provided the product is correspondingly increased, either by a greater exertion of the worker, or by improvements in organisation and in mechanical appliances.
>
> During my European investigations I found that a weaver on the Continent usually ran two looms, but rarely three; while in England, the expert weaver managed eight looms; and the feasibility of working with ten was under consideration at the time my investigation was made. To-day, by an improvement in the shape of the 'Northrup' loom, twenty-four looms can be run by a skilful operator; and in a number of mills as many as twenty are actually being run by a single workman. The manager of a prominent print-cloth mill recently told me that he had put a thousand such looms into his mill, and was running them at an average of fourteen looms to a weaver.

In the manufacture of many of the articles in which the Americans have beaten both their British and German competitors, they pay their workmen fifty per cent higher than those paid in Great Britain, and 150 per cent higher than those of Germany and Austria.

### 2. By the Danes

Mr. E. Staal, of Copenhagen, has sent me a very interesting paper which bears directly upon the discussion of the causes why we are being beaten in our own markets. Denmark, as Mr. Staal reminds us, exports more butter to England

than all the other countries of Europe put together, yet this immense export business has been the growth of quite recent times. It is directly due to the stimulus that has been given to popular education. The Danish peasantry are in education very much ahead of our agricultural population. From Mr. Staal's letter it would appear that the Dane has been studying while we have been reading novels and amusing ourselves with cricket and football. His account of the way in which the intelligence of the people is carefully developed, both by the newspaper press, by university teaching, and by the theatre, is very interesting.

## The Education of the Peasants

Mr. Staal attributes the high standard of education chiefly to the Danish system of country high schools. He describes them as a kind of rural university where every year about two thousand young people of both sexes from the villages go through a course of from four to five months' education, listening to lectures specially adapted to their circumstances, in history, geography, politics, sociology, etc. If we in this country had similar institutions equally well attended, we would have a quarter of a million of these rural university students.

## A Mixed School at Torquay

Mr. W. Staddon, proprietor of a middle-class day-school known as St. Winifred's, at Torquay, writes to say that a system of co-education similar to that at Bakewell has been in practical working at St. Winifred's for twenty-one years, during which time 1,150 scholars have passed through the school. The experience at St. Winifred's resembles that at Bakewell. The Mayor of Torquay last year paid the very highest compliment to the success of the school. All the gloomy prognostications as to the mischief which would result from boys and girls meeting together in classes are shown to be equally baseless in Devonshire as in Derbyshire.

Mrs. E. Roscoe Mullins, Hon. Sec. of the King Alfred School Society, sends me a prospectus of a proposed rational school or schools to be founded in the St. John's Wood and Hampstead districts. Most of the ideas embodied in the prospectus are those which have commended themselves more or less to educational reformers. I only mention the subject in this connection because they propose to educate boys and girls together until at least the age of fourteen. Separate provision is only to be made for cloak rooms, recreation grounds, and the like. The older boys are to have their consulting tutors and masters, and the girls to have their own consulting tutors and mistress, to care for their outer school interests.

## Morality and Self-help

THE SECRET OF ANGLO-SAXON SUPREMACY

Such is the question which is discussed in the *Edinburgh Review*, by a Reviewer who takes as his text the works of Signor Ferrero and M. Demolins. As the theory of the latter has already been described at some length in the columns of this *Review*, it will suffice to quote a sentence or two in which this Reviewer summarises the Frenchman's views.

## Self-help the Secret of England's Greatness

He says, for instance:

> It sounds a paradoxical thing to say, but it is nevertheless profoundly true, that France is a nation in process of being ruined by the thrift and prudence of its citizens. To live poorly because it is so much easier to save money than to make it, to have no children for fear they should die of starvation, that is the summing-up of the Frenchman's penny-wise philosophy; and, if there is truth in logic, it is the individual Frenchman who is keeping France back in the race, just as it is the individual Anglo-Saxon who is winning the battle for his community. England succeeds, says M. Demolins, because it is the country of self-help. It is the country of self-help because the whole course of Anglo-Saxon education tends to make men self-reliant.

*The fight in the Paris Chamber of Deputies during the debate on the Dreyfus case*

# New Books

**BRITAIN'S INDUSTRIAL SURVIVAL**

By Ian Bowen. *Faber & Faber.* 12s. 6d.

**Reviewed by Christopher Hollis, M.P.**

Mr. Bowen has written a fascinating, but in some ways a very disturbing, book. He lays down clear and lucidly definite conditions for Britain's survival. The anxious critic can but note how few are the signs that any of those conditions will be fulfilled. Politicians and Mr. Bowen's economist colleagues are now for ever telling us that the road to salvation lies through a reduction of capital expenditure. The more exuberant among them write almost as if capital expenditure were irrelevant to the production of consumable goods and as if all we had to do was to transfer labour from capital to consumable goods and consumable goods could be had in plenty for the asking. Mr. Bowen, writing presumably some months before our crisis took its present form—such are the delays of book production—demands as a condition of survival that we must have a gross annual investment over the next years of £1,160 million, complains that the sands are running out and asserts that 'a period of twenty years would seem to be the maximum breathing space for us to plan and build for ourselves.'

Again, Mr. Bowen is very well aware that even more important than the problem of investment is the problem of population, that societies once they have attained a degree of material comfort and urbanisation generally do not survive, and that indeed this country will have accomplished a unique achievement if hers, alone among the civilisations of history, survives what is the normal cycle of decadence and collapse. But it would be idle to pretend, as some all too facile optimists are now pretending, that we are as yet showing signs of escaping the cycle. The apparent rise in the birth-rate is apparent only. It is merely that many marriages have been postponed until the war was over and that, therefore, there has been in the last two years an abnormal and what must be a transiently large number of marriages. This means, for the moment, a larger number of births, but there is no evidence of a larger number of children per marriage—which is what we need for survival.

Mr. Bowen is a Socialist but a Socialist of a sceptically intellectual type. He sees that society, under the leadership of its present Socialist masters, is moving towards a managerial pattern and that it bears few marks of an over-all economic planning. For the latter he would look to an Economic Council, and presumably greets with satisfaction the new rôles assumed by Sir Stafford Cripps between the writing and publication of his book. The problem cannot be solved, he thinks, until we have a thorough reform of the Administrative Branch of the Civil Service.

The menace of managerial autocracy he would curb by the introduction of a generous measure of consultative machinery into industry. That machinery is, it seems, to remain consultative. The final constitutional check on the managers is to remain with Parliament and the Minister. But it is doubtful if transient and inexpert party politicians, marching to the crack of a party whip, can act as any more than a nominal check on the mismanagement of a highly technical industry, and it seems to the present reviewer that Mr. Bowen will have to give his consultative bodies some much more definitely constitutional status. The model for his reorganisation of industry is not, as he thinks, the Army but the Church of England. Freedom and democracy can only survive if wide measures of self-government are introduced into industry and the most that Parliament can usefully do is to exercise, when needed, a final veto on industry similar to the veto which, under the Enabling Act, it can exercise on the decisions of the Church Assembly.

## I LIVE TO FIGHT

By Robert Boothby. *Gollancz.* 21s.

Mr. Boothby is by far the most influential of the Back Bench Members of the present Parliament. He has retained the uninterrupted loyalty of his Aberdeenshire constituents for nearly a quarter of a century and, in recent years, obtained for himself the title by which the book is advertised of 'the man who was right about the loan.' That title is an important one today. Seldom in history can there have been a record of a more incredible catalogue of miscalculations than those upon which the Government based its American Loan policy. Through the mere quantity of their prophecies, politicians usually contrive to be right about something. In their American Loan policy the Government achieved the extraordinary feat of not being right about a single thing. And yet—odder still—this, which is the supreme indictment of the Government, is an indictment which cannot play any very prominent part in party controversy because the Opposition Front Bench did not go into the division lobby against the Loan.

Mr. Boothby's action on the American Loan was unquestionably his most important political action. Had it not been for his action in putting down a motion for the rejection of that Loan, it is very possible that it might have gone through without even a proper debate at all. The first value of this book is its explanation of the general philosophy within which that action found its meaning. Mr. Boothby is opposed alike to *laisser-faire* and to a purely soulless totalitarianism. In domestic affairs he would have overall guidance at the centre and at the circumference men and women left largely free to carry out the details of the Plan without interference. It is such a policy which he opposes to the Socialist alternative of red tape, frustration and interference at the circumference and chaos and planlessness at the centre. Abroad, he looks to the large regional blocs—Western Europe and the British Empire. Talk of the United Nations is today, alas, but talk, since the United Nations are not united. So-called free multilateral trade with the United States would merely mean a surrender to the United States which would involve us in that country's coming troubles to the advantage of neither country. The two countries are at different stages of industrial development and the condition of friendship between them is that their systems should not be too closely integrated.

Yet this book is very far from being a dry economic treatise. There is plenty about the history of our inter-war years from a statesman, who, if he were not one of their main actors, was at least one of their most intimate spectators; plenty about his friends and his interests, music, scenery and literature—and in the closing pages some reflections on his larger philosophy and religion, on original sin, where he confounds perhaps a little the criticisms of a pathologist with those of a metaphysician, on Robert Burns, on God, Calvinism, Bertrand Russell and other such topics. It is all most serious and important, but, as with Dr. Johnson's Mr. Edwardes, 'cheerfulness cannot help breaking in.' It is Mr. Boothby's sovereign virtue that he is never embittered by disappointment.

CHRISTOPHER HOLLIS

## THE CIVIL SERVICE IN THE CHANGING STATE

By H. R. G. Greaves. *Harrap.* 10s. 6d.

Judging by the letters published in the press, there can be no doubt that Civil Servants are often foolishly derided by shallow thinkers who do not appear to realise that they are the victims of the system under which they have to work. People seem to overlook the fact that all the delays, duplications and indecisiveness which we all understand by the term 'red tape' are due to methods which are unquestionably out of date, and which involve an immense amount of unnecessary work.

Everyone will, I think, agree that a limit must be set to this waste of effort so that labour can be saved and efficiency enhanced. A way must be discovered to get the very best out of the personnel by a system which would increase individual responsibility, reward merit, and at the same time bring the whole Service into line with present-day democratic ideas by doing away with caste considerations which, in the past, have made it almost impossible for the brains at the bottom to get to the top. In other words, passing from one grade to another should become a normal process rather than the exception.

In these circumstances, particular interest attaches to Mr. Greaves' objective study of the way in which the whole Service is actually evolving, and will probably do so in the future in order to meet the changing conditions in which we live. His knowledge of the subject is probably unsurpassed—which fact should make his masterly survey of the whole question of particular interest.

ESMÉ VAUGHAN

### THE STRUGGLE FOR THE WORLD

By James Burnham. *Jonathan Cape.* 10s. 6d.

Moved by a despair over the political immaturity of his own country, by threatening historical analogies and the implications of the Atomic Bomb and finally by his own political experiences, James Burnham wrote a disturbing book of visionary power whose prophecies might become realities on grounds he himself probably under-estimates.

Burnham has been called 'a Communist propagandist in reverse', and the epithet is partly justified. He is a former Communist who recants with a neurotic violence. In Communism he sees 'a world-wide conspiratorial movement for the conquest of a monopoly of power in the era of capitalist decline. Politically Communism is based on terror and mass-deception; economically it is, or tends to be, collectivist; socially it is totalitarian.' From this Burnham concludes that Communism represents such a great threat to humanity that he would prefer the earth itself to be destroyed than to see Communism conquer it. 'The Third World War began in April 1944', so runs his opening sentence, and would flare up in an armed conflict within ten years, unless the U.S. realises its own political immaturity and develops a ruthless and concrete foreign policy.

When, however, it comes to the analysis of the cause of the world's unrest, Burnham ceases to be a 'Communist in reverse' and still retains old, materialist conceptions and beliefs to quite a large extent. He still insists on the preponderance of social economic problems and realities over political ones. Thus he wouldn't quite believe that a war between the United States and the Soviet Union would still remain a strong threat and possibility, even if they both would adapt the same economic system. In short, Burnham doesn't see the part of nationalism in politics in its true perspective. Nor does he offer a really acceptable alternative to Communism.

The fears of his fine, tortured mind, however, are very real and alarming even if we consider the chief objections his critics in America and elsewhere raised against *The Struggle for the World*. Since non-logical conduct and nationalism still remain the greatest realities in contemporary politics, the Third World War is a strong probability on political if not on social-economic grounds. He predicts it within ten years, which most people—including experts—would consider an alarmist view. In ten years' time Russia is not very likely to be in a position to start a warfare of conquest. She is, however, likely to be forced into making a bid for world conquest within one generation by the present anarchistic division of the world into independent, sovereign states. Or, as the Communists would have it, 'into haves and have nots'.

There are many valid reasons for which one should read Burnham's book. In spite of its materialistic bias, it does give a brilliantly comprehensive—and probably true—view as to what is happening in the world today. He is very typical of America's intellectual élite in his honest questionings about America's destiny and reveals as much of the American mind as the best contemporary novelists and, finally, his style—as always—is superb.

ADAM DE HEGEDUS

### THE HISTORY OF JAPAN

By Kenneth Scott Latourette. *Macmillan.* 20s.

Anyone requiring a really dependable account of the historical background of modern Japan will be greatly indebted to that well-known Oriental scholar, Professor Latourette, of Yale University, for this concise and excellent summary of Japanese history from the earliest times. Although coming as a new work, it is really a revised edition of his previous and highly successful book entitled *The Development of Japan*, which was published in 1918. The material, however, has been completely rewritten, and furthermore, contains the results of his recent research, thus bringing it completely up to date.

Readers will unquestionably be interested in Professor Latourette's scholarly and searching analysis into the fundamental causes of the expansionist policy pursued by Japan in the pre-war years. These, he considers, must be sought in the important and striking developments which took place within the country itself during the half-century following the Chino-Japanese war of 1894–95.

They were certainly less spectacular and revolutionary than those of the preceding forty years; nevertheless, Japan's imperial ambitions, as well as her phenomenal expansion, will never be correctly understood apart from the internal life of the nation during these fateful five decades.

As for the future, it is not easy to foresee what will happen to a country like Japan, now being forced into untrodden paths, but in the author's opinion, although much of the old will persist, the new era is bound to be revolutionary.

A couple of good appendices and an index complete this handy work of reference.

ESMÉ VAUGHAN

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In this book the author postulates that 'in spite of the immeasurable superiority of his mental endowment, man is much less efficient than the lower animals in respect of its employment in everyday life.' He attributes most of our social ills to clumsy thinking and writes to substantiate this theory and provide practical advice on the remedy.

It is Dr. Dearden's contention that we do not observe with sufficient accuracy and comprehensiveness, that we are blinded by prejudice and misled by 'labels', a state of mind particularly dangerous in this epoch of reconstruction. He gives much scientific information and practical advice on the subject of habits, and discourses on the dangers of 'suggestibility', 'rationalising' and the waste of nervous energy in everyday life. He denounces selfishness, conscious and unconscious, and begs us to approach post-war plans in an attitude 'combining a wholesome irreverence with a maximum of disciplined receptiveness.'

His remedy, in brief, is that we should learn to 'think skilfully', and this book is a lucid and valuable guide towards the attainment of that most desirable end. Inevitably, of course, in a work of this nature, there are remarks which are provocative and others which are unoriginal. It must, for example, be admitted that there is an element of cruelty in all blood sports, but it hardly seems fair to put hunting on a par with bull-baiting, since the hunted creature has a chance (although small) of escape, whereas the bull has none. Again, his criticisms and suggestions concerning the Church, though probably justified, are surprisingly trite and give an odd impression of timidity in an otherwise forceful and outspoken work. These, however, are small blemishes in an entertaining book, the great merit of which lies in its wealth of concrete instances and sound practical advice.

JAMES CLARK

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By John Drummond. *Dodsworth.* 10s. 6d.

Henry Effingham, one of Mr. Drummond's godfathers, collected a great many snippets of information about places he had visited in his ivory-coloured Panhard with red leather cushions and strapped-up starting handle. He died before he could bring all his sprawling notes into the compass of one book.

His godson followed the same line of activity, found himself amassing a second collection of notebooks, and then with some help from a friend, reduced it all to this volume. One would have expected all that activity to produce something more monumental than this, but there is no need to quarrel very heatedly with the publisher's description of *A Candle in England* as a chatty and agreeable piece of work.

There is a great deal to be said for travelling in the light, or twilight, of history. Mr. H. V. Morton showed that twenty years ago; but it is the easiest thing in the world for a volume of this kind to become little more than a hotch-potch of historical or topographical oddities.

If each page bears the impress of the author's personality, or of an individual style, then such a work becomes that complete and unified thing, a book. Mr. Drummond has not achieved that, but he has produced a collection of interesting facts about people and places in the present and the past.

There is a chapter on freaks like the fifty-two-stone Daniel Lambert, Henry Trig of the old town of Stevenage, whose will directed his relatives to bury him in the rafters of his barn, and Sir Jeffery Hudson, the eighteen-inch dwarf. There is, too, gossip and comment about Buffon, Bossuet, Prince Albert and his numerous memorials, Canova and William Penn. The best chapter in this book is the one on John Crome; the worst pages are those on Spenser—for, indeed, there are many sentences here which make it uncomfortably plain that Mr. Drummond comes to the game of literary criticism with no ace cards up his sleeve. Example? 'So he rode round the country, past the sandy patches where the bunnies banged their feet, and loped off, waving their white scuts behind them.'

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# *New Books*

**MOUNTAINS AND MEN**
By Wilfrid Noyce. *Geoffrey Bles.* 18s.

**HIGH HEAVEN**
By Jacques Boell. *Paul Elek.* 12s. 6d.

**Reviewed by Malcolm Barnes**

In books about mountains English literature is quite unique; none other has anything to compare with it in quantity, quality or variety. In the main its uniqueness derives from the peculiar attitude of the Englishman towards his pleasures, his desire to give them a spiritual significance, and from the fact that the mountaineering fraternity in Britain has always drawn so largely upon a class accustomed to self-examination and to literary self-expression. Hence, when the moment comes in every climber's life when he can no longer avoid the insistent question why he should struggle with rock and ice for days and weeks on end, risk disaster and death so many times and exhaust himself in attaining summits which are so often an anti-climax to hours of effort, the Englishman sits down to work out a climbing philosophy. Even when he merely records his adventures, he does so in such a way that his climbing career appears as much a spiritual pilgrimage as a form of pleasure. And so it comes about that these books are read almost as much by those who do not climb as by those who do.

The two books under review admirably display the difference between the English and the Continental mountaineers, at least so far as their literature is concerned. *Mountains and Men* by Wilfrid Noyce is in the classic English tradition just described; a book, for all its author's youth, rich in mountaineering mysticism. It has its origin in the fact that in his relatively brief career its author has had three serious falls and finds it necessary to explain why his desire for high places has remained undiminished. It is thus not so much a record of great achievement as a confession of faith, and to those who want to know what there is about the mountains that make men climb them, Mr. Noyce's book can be most strongly recommended.

The author's career was a rapid one. It had its beginnings in the Welsh and Cumbrian hills, and some of the best passages in the book describe the exploits and friendships of those youthful days. They were followed by three seasons in the Alps which, though not spectacular in accomplishment, served to turn the enthusiast into a climber of experience, so that when war came he could take his place in teaching others the craft of climbing. In 1943 the war took him to India and he was thus able unexpectedly to realise the dream of all enthusiasts, to climb in the Himalaya on his leaves in Kashmir and Northern Sikkim. These brief, improvised expeditions, which resulted in the solitary ascent of mountains over 20,000 feet, form a story as remarkable as it is modestly told. Wilfrid Noyce writes in careful but lucid prose, deliberately avoiding the more extravagant descriptions of mountain scenery in his effort to make his almost religious faith clear to those who do not share it. It should be added that he is eminently successful in so doing.

In *High Heaven* by Jacques Boell, excellently translated from the French by Dilys Owen, we find an approach to mountaineering which is quite different. To M. Boell mountaineering is a passion; you may share it with him if you will, but he makes no attempt to explain it beyond the comment that 'the motive power behind all passions springs from the same source', and recalling the comment of a companion 'as he looked at a glorious snow-slope sweeping up to the foot of a granite cliff: "That excites me just as much as a naked woman".'

In describing a series of climbs in the mountains of Oisans over a period of eleven years, many of them during the German occupation, he succeeds admirably in conveying his enthusiasm in exciting and picturesque prose. These mountains of Oisans are the least exploited in the Alps; many of them are still unnamed, some of them (apparently) still unclimbed. Climbers will certainly enjoy this recital of days spent in struggling through chimneys, slogging up steep slopes of snow, wrestling with overhanging slabs and overcoming desperate pitches; for the author has a rare gift of conveying his own passion and his own excitement. Whether the non-climber will be carried along by this torrent of enthusiasm is another question, but he could not fail to be impressed by the many beautiful passages in which M. Boell evokes the splendours of the mountain scene.

# Books Received

ALAIN-FOURNIER, THE WANDERER; LE GRAND MEAULNES. *Paul Elek.* 10s. 6d.

*Translated by Françoise Delisle. Illustrated by John Minton and with an introduction by Bonamy Dobrée. Published in 1914 on the eve of the First World War,* Le Grand Meaulnes *is one of the minor classics of French romantic literature. A Book Society Recommendation.*

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*Latimer House.* 12s. 6d.

*Victor H. Bernstein was a press correspondent in Germany in 1937–8. He remained there during the Nazi invasions of Austria and Sudetenland and during the intensification of the Jewish persecution. The Gestapo called him to their Vienna headquarters but his American citizenship saved him from immediate violence. He left Germany in 1939 and returned in 1945 as a front-line reporter during the closing months of the war. He returned to Nuremberg for the famous trials.*

BRONTË, Emily. WUTHERING HEIGHTS.

*Camden Classics. Paul Elek.* 12s. 6d.

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HOLE, E. S. SANITY RARE.

*Allen & Unwin.* 5s.

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HOLLOWOOD, Bernard ('Hod' of *Punch*). AN INNOCENT AT LARGE.

*Sidgwick & Jackson.* 7s. 6d.

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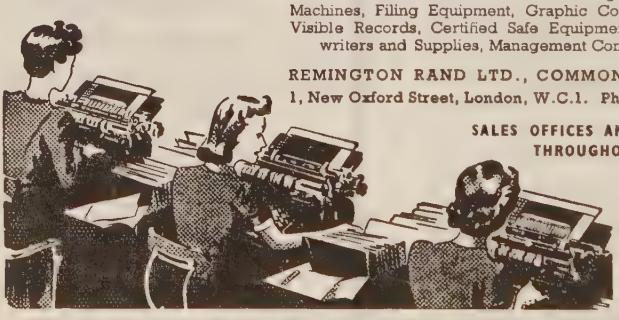

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# Cross-Section

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### The International Outlook

THE United Nations after the world war of 1939–45 is in the same stage as the United States after the War of Independence. In either case, during the war, a strong common fear of a dangerous common enemy held a loose association of States together. The existence of this common enemy was like a life-belt keeping the association afloat. When the common enemy has been removed by defeat, the association that was launched on his account has to sink or swim without the unintended but most efficacious aid which the common enemy's existence provided. In such post-war circumstances a loose confederation cannot long remain in its original state: sooner or later it must either break up or be transferred into a genuine and effective federation.

A federation, in order to be a lasting success, seems to require a high degree of homogeneity between the constituent States. It is true that in Switzerland and in Canada we see remarkable examples of effective federations that have successfully surmounted formidable differences of language and religion. But would any sober-minded observer today venture to name a date at which a federation between the United States and the Soviet Union might become practical politics?—and those are the two States that have to be federated if federal union is to save us from a third world war.

Yet these obvious difficulties in the path of the co-operative method of working towards the inevitable goal of world unity must not daunt us, because this method brings with it certain unique benefits that no alternative can offer.

It is only if there is some constitutional form of world government that Powers can continue to count as Great Powers—and really to play that part —in spite of their war potential being no longer a match for the war potential of the Soviet Union and the United States. In an even partially constitutional world community, Great Britain, the continental West European countries and the Dominions can still have an influence in international counsels far in excess of the ratio of their war potential to that of 'the Big Two'. In an even semi-parliamentary international forum, the political experience, maturity and moderation of countries like these will weigh heavily in the balance alongside the grosser weight of Brennus' sword. In a pure power-politics world, on the other hand, these highly civilised but materially less powerful States will count for nothing compared with the United States and the Soviet Union. In a third world war, all of them—except perhaps South Africa, Australia and New Zealand—will be battlefields. This will be especially the fate of Great Britain and Canada—a prospect of which the Canadians, as well as the British, are well aware.

ARNOLD J. TOYNBEE in *International Affairs*

### International Law

A RAPID survey of the whole field of international law will at once reveal two significant and beneficial gifts from Britain to the world and to world order, both curiously, but not uncharacteristically, indirect contributions consisting rather in salutary example profitably followed than in phenomena belonging directly or exclusively to the international sphere.

The first is a technique of international government, to be discovered in the constitution of the British Empire and, in particular, in the body of rules regulating the relations of the Mother Country and the self-governing Dominions.

The polyglot nature of the British Empire, even of the Commonwealth alone, is too well known for any argument that the British solution of the problem of international government will not suit other peoples to need rebuttal.

In the second place Britain has contributed to international law a peculiarly useful legislative technique—that of law-making by courts and judges, a characteristic feature of the English Common Law.

*The Union Review*, Johannesburg

## Soviets on British Crisis

THE efforts of Washington to dictate to Britain a definite economic policy are arousing attention in other countries, and not without reason. For if even so strong a power as Britain has to pay for the so-called American assistance by forfeiting her independence of policy, what can other and weaker countries expect? The underlying aim of American economic policy is obvious. Its objective is to undermine Britain's competitive power in the world markets and to restrict her exports as far as possible in order to raise American exports to a still higher level.

Among other attempts to weaken Britain, mention should be made of the decision of U.S. Congress to raise the import duty on wool. This was to strike primarily at Australia and New Zealand, but also at Great Britain. It is true that President Truman vetoed the decision, but the mere fact that it was adopted by Congress speaks very eloquently of the present character of Anglo-American relations.

While demanding the removal of all restrictions on her imports into other countries, America is trying very hard to smash the system of British imperial preferential tariffs. On the other hand, she is not lowering her own import tariffs, but, on the contrary, is out deliberately to increase them in the interests of the monopolies.

In September 1931, the American and British bankers, taking advantage of Britain's severe financial crisis, actively contributed to the ousting of the Labour Government. It is not unlikely that similar designs are being cherished by the bankers of Wall Street and the City today. In spite of the Labour Government's servility to the United States, it is still in the latter's eyes less desirable than a Conservative Government. It is quite possible that the increased activity shown of late by the Conservatives is not unconnected with such transatlantic influences.

The economic crisis is bound to have serious repercussions on Britain's home and foreign policy. There are two methods of coping with the crisis open to the Labour Government. As G. D. H. Cole, the Labour economist, pointed out in the *New Statesman and Nation*, the alternative to an American loan is for Britain to restrict her military and imperial commitments and to come to terms with the Soviet Union. At home, in his opinion, England must reorganise her metal and engineering industries to meet the demands of industrial re-equipment. Actually speaking, this implies a complete reversal of home and foreign policy. This is the course into which the broad democratic public of the country will endeavour to impel the Government.

*Pravda*, Moscow

## America versus Russia

IF Mr. Marshall were entirely frank, he would have said, we take it, that America means to fight Communism everywhere and in every possible way; that its plan is to mobilise all the smaller Powers into an anti-Soviet alliance under the protection of American power; that as an immediate step he prepares to by-pass the Soviet veto by setting up a permanent Commission of the Assembly, thereby compelling the U.S.S.R. either to retire isolated from the United Nations or to allow her bluff to be called and accept an amendment to the U.N. Constitution which would knock the veto weapon from her hands. According to expert American calculation, the Soviet Union will not recover from the last war for at least another ten or fifteen years, so that a resolute anti-Soviet offensive now may have time finally to deter Russia from war, or, alternatively, of defeating her if war does eventually occur. With this in mind, Mr. Marshall might add, America seeks to prevent economic collapse in Europe which would facilitate the growth of Communism. She hopes, by rebuilding Western Europe on a capitalist and pro-American basis, both to save U.S. economy by creating an export market for the American goods and, by re-equipping the heavy industry of the Ruhr and Rhineland, to create a strong anti-Soviet basis three thousand miles from Manhattan.

Mr. Vyshinsky's case, if he, too, were to speak his real mind, would be that the Soviet Union, because of its present weakness, is more anxious to avoid war than the United States, but equally believes in preventing it by strengthening its alliances and refusing to appease its adversaries. Soviet policy, like American, is based not on conquest but on permeation. American permeation means victory for the American way of life by expenditure of dollars; Soviet permeation means victory for Communism when the breakdown of dollar economy breeds revolutionary sentiment. Thus Russian policy must be to hold on to strategic positions under her frontiers, to maintain docile governments in neighbouring States and to create, as soon as may be, a strong Soviet Federation which will resist dollar penetration.

*New Statesman and Nation*

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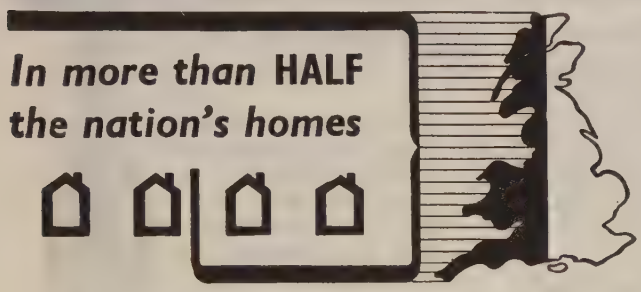


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## Lively 'Low Quarters'

In the heart of the 'low quarters', thus named because they debouch on to the bank of the river Manzanares, famous for its meagre stream, which, however, does not diminish the verdure of its borders; in the populous, seething street of Embajadores rises the Madrid Tobacco Factory, built at the end of the eighteenth century but modernised and adapted to the needs of today, in which more than 800 persons work, fifty being women.

The grace and wit of the Madrid people culminate in these spirited young women who, though they no longer wear the *pañolón alfombrao* handkerchief or the *mantoncillo de espuma* shawl, which they have replaced by a sports dress or light frock (latest Hollywood model), still preserve the sparkling wit and the lightning retort to any bold fellow whose praises should exceed the bounds of decorum.

These young women turn out many tons a month of different products, divided between cigars, ordinary and superior cigarettes, and additional tons of shredded tobacco.

Jobs in the Tobacco Factory go strictly by inheritance in the case of the women; so the lively cigarette-girls of today are the daughters and grand-daughters of other jaunty lasses of the past, quite literally, by actual descent.

Men's jobs also go by heredity as to fifty per cent, and in the other fifty per cent preference is given, other things being equal, to relations of former employees.

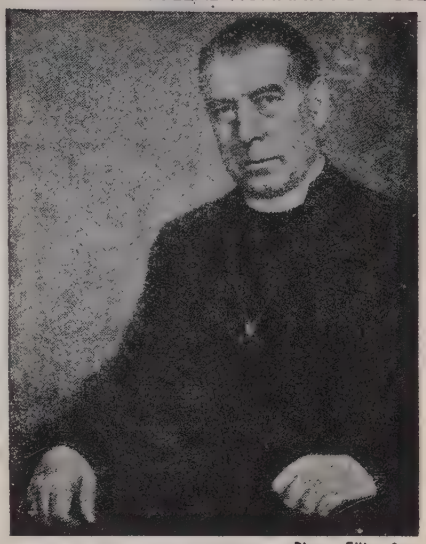
They are all very well treated; and the cigarette girls, from remote times, long before such things were enforced by social laws, have enjoyed retirement pensions, assistance and other benefits. These are today added to those fixed by current legislation, and make the tobacco worker's lot compare favourably with other employments.

This assurance possessed by expert working women, who are receiving high wages and can regard the future without anxiety, aware of their own usefulness and strength, imparts to the Madrid cigarette girls the unclouded gaiety and sparkling vivacity for which they are noted.

When the setting sun gilds the street of Embajadores, the laughter and jests of the girls give the atmosphere of the 'low quarters' a lively note, and the street is brightened with pretty dresses and Spanish grace.

Women of spirit and workers of skill, a mixture of the ancient and the modern, the cigarette girls of Madrid are typical of the Spain of today, universal yet wholly traditional. *Spain*


FAMOUS MEN PLEAD HUMANITY'S CAUSE



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## Green Bomb Tree

TAKEO FURUNO, Japanese agricultural expert, planted an experimental garden on the atom-bombed site of his former home in Nagasaki. Last week he reported that his still slightly radioactive soil had yielded bumper crops: twice as much wheat as before bombing, three times as much cotton, and fifty per cent more pumpkins, tomatoes, eggplants, and other vegetables. His report was heard by American atomic scientists with mingled scepticism and interest.

*Newsweek*

## Scientific Bubble-blowing

A MATERIAL so light that it is literally possible for a man to put his house made of it on his back like a snail and take it wherever he wants is being made in America. A chemist was watching his children playing with Bubblegum, that dreadful pink chewing-gum that has become such a craze with children all over the world. When it is thoroughly chewed, it can be stretched into a thin film and blown into bubble. Watching these bubbles, the chemist had a brilliant idea. He took the rest of his children's chewing-gum into his laboratory and began experimenting with it. He discovered that it was possible, by blowing scientifically, to produce bubbles that, unlike those of the children, would not burst after a short time. The process is now applied to the plastic styrol. It is heated until it is completely fluid and then air is blown into it, forming a number of tiny, equal-sized bubbles. At a given moment the froth is cooled, and a material results that is exactly like solidified froth, and contains millions of bubbles of air.

The new material is ten times lighter than cork and completely waterproof. Thus its first use was for boats and rafts during the war. A boat built of it could receive hundreds of bullet-holes without sinking. Later it was recognised that it was particularly suitable for building summer-houses.

The material is extremely easy to handle and can be worked with a carpenter's tools; also, it is cheap. The sheets used in the construction of houses are so thin that the daylight filters through them and gives a mild, pleasantly tinted light in the rooms, so that no windows are necessary. Experiments are being carried out to see how far this new substance is suitable for building permanent houses.

*Hjemmet*, Copenhagen

## Upper Schools in Cyprus

TRADITIONAL meeting place of East and West and of increasing strategical importance, Cyprus contains a polyglot population whose ambitions present a unique problem to the educator.

Though three-quarters of the 400,000 people are Greek, both Turks and Armenians claim special treatment for their children, and this has to be knit into the educational policy. Authority, centred in the patient and scholarly New Zealander, Dr. J. C. Slight, is promoting a dual system of higher and vocational training; a system which will produce out of these conflicting interests men and women qualified, and ready, to serve their fellow men in their own country.

Predominantly farmers, the Cypriots can rarely afford a graduation course that means at least three years in England, America or Turkey. Higher education is confined to the few who receive scholarships. To ease this situation a new centre is proposed. Students, drawn from the secondary schools, will be able to study for matriculation and university intermediate examinations among their own people. They will have badly needed laboratories and a chance to grow used to the technical jargon of their chosen subject before going to the university. Above all, the shortened time abroad will mean less temptation for the student to forget the needs of his village in the glamour of a foreign city.

As a balancer to this study, for professional and government service, a scheme of rural central schools is envisaged. At a village outside Morphou, a pioneer in this field is already winning attention. It is vocational with only twenty pupils who, for entrance at the age of sixteen, must have finished their elementary education and worked on their parents' farm for two years. The course lasts two years during which theory alternates with practice. Lectures are designed to give a global view of farming, of crops and their environment, of the commercial basis to food production. In the stables, cow-pens, gardens and vineyards attached to the school, traditional methods of husbandry are taught along with tested improvements.

This island, honoured by Aphrodite, once had a population of over 1,000,000. Erosion, loss of water supply, and other things have all helped in its reduction. The 1946 census shows an increase of twenty-two per cent in the last fifteen years. To maintain the soil, the food and well-being of this growing community, a vast scheme of adult education is planned. Within two years a forestry school will be established; the new hospital in Nicosia will be fully equipped to train nurses. A training school for sanitation inspectors is already in existence, and young women domestic economists have been engaged to set up demonstration houses in the villages.

*Christian Science Monitor*

## A Problem for the Future

IN times of great crisis Englishman and Czech have been drawn together. They were drawn together when religious persecutions were raging on the Continent. But though drawn together, they were soon divided. Throughout the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries Englishmen had little understanding or knowledge of Czech problems. They gave the name of Bohemia to sets of people who would not observe the conventions. Carlyle visited Prague without showing the least sympathy with its inhabitants.

When Thomas Masaryk came to London early in the 1914 war, he was appalled by the way even the leaders of political thought approached the problem of Austria and the minorities living within the grip of the Hapsburg Empire. He believed, in fact, that unless the war lasted for a long time, the Allies might make their peace with Austria without even troubling to dismember her Empire. The danger of a return to ignorance of conditions in Central Europe is real and ought not to be minimised.

Here is a problem which requires a long-term solution, good humour, a wide sympathy and endless patience. Not enough, perhaps, was done during the recent war to ensure that Britons were brought into touch with the best Czech and Slovak literature. Britons heard from time to time of a Czech or Slovak author done to death by the Germans, but as they had not read his books, they had no means of judging how great a loss had been inflicted upon the nation.

A vast field of literature—Czech, Polish, Rumanian and Russian—awaits interpretation to Britons who are not themselves, nor wish to become, Slav students. The more this literature is made available to English-speaking readers—for there is a vast, untapped market in the New World as well—the more will the spiritual interdependence of Western Europe upon the East be understood. If Britain cannot go to Europe, Europe must come to Britain.

*Central European Observer*

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Letter to *Radio Times*

## Starving Europe

THE pre-school children in Europe fall easy victims to tuberculosis. Many die and others become semi-invalids for life. But it is youth between fourteen and twenty which feels the need of food. They need it to live, to grow to maturity, to acquire education. Fifteen hundred calories will not suffice for one of these functions, let alone all three. It is this section of the population, then, which suffers most from under-nourishment, physically, mentally and morally. Youth, hungry for bread and a little joy, takes the only chance that offers itself to obtain both. There has been little in the educational background of the last nine years to say them nay.

Boys lack the energy for strenuous sport to occupy their time. There are no jobs for them which will bring in as much as they can earn by foraging in the country and selling the proceeds in the urban black market. As for the girls who have no such things to sell, often they sell themselves. Oh yes, we may not like to hear it, but it is the truth and it must be told. Adversity does not bring out the best in older people—little wonder that these boys and girls make terms with life as they find it. As a German version of 'The Beggar's Opera' commented: *Erst kommt das Essen; dann die Moral*—First you must eat; then, you can be good.

An empty stomach has little judgment and few scruples. Graphs that register murder and robbery with violence show a frightening rise in Europe's hungry countries. And the black market, which is a crime, too—what citizen is so scrupulous that he does not avail himself of it today to supplement his rations? Even if he preferred the gnawing of his stomach to the gnawing of his conscience, there are his wife and children to consider.

Hunger is making criminals of us all, and it is creating a new social class in black marketeers. It has created a new currency, too—cigarettes—for there is nothing, unless it be food itself, which makes you forget hunger like a cigarette, and so it has become the thing that everybody wants.

*Populaire*, Paris

*'Do you think it will reduce much in the cooking?'*

LES LETTRES FRANÇAISES

## Pidgin Pie

I HAVE just been reading about the pidgin English (or 'bêche-la-mar') used in the Solomon and New Hebrides Islands in the South Pacific. Here is a passage in what seems to be very high-class pidgin. It announces the Coronation of King George VI:

'King George, he dead. Number one son, Edward, he no want him clothes. Number two son he like. Bishop he make plenty talk along new King. He says: "You look out good along all the people?" King he talk: "Yes". Then bishop and plenty Government official and storekeeper and soldier and bank manager and policeman, all he stand up and sing and blow him trumpet. Finish.'

GEORGE ORWELL in *Tribune*

## Pigeon-Postmen—in Relays

MAIL to and from the Norwegian forces of occupation in Germany is delivered by carrier pigeon. As it is too far for a pigeon to fly from Oslo to the Harz Mountains in one stage, Danish pigeons operate between Germany and Copenhagen, where Norwegian relays take over.

*Carrefour*, Paris

## Music While You Wait

OFFERED, most unusual Swiss musical toilet roll. Plays two tunes when paper is pulled. £5 10s. Surprise your friends.

Advertisement in *Exchange and Mart*

## Ceylon as Dominion

CEYLON has attained its ambition to take its place among the Dominions of the Commonwealth. From that status there will be no desire to break away, for the whole economy of the island hangs upon its ties with the Empire. By far the greater part of its commerce is carried in British bottoms, for which Colombo is one of the more familiar ports of the world.

Nor is it likely that any disposition will be shown towards that closer union with India which Indian nationalists have suggested as desirable. Trade with India is comparatively small. Two-thirds of Ceylon's exports come to Great Britain, although in return only one-fourth of her imports are British goods. The United Kingdom is easily the best customer of Ceylon.

Retention of the link is essential to world defence. In Trincomalee, Ceylon possesses the greatest naval port on the route to Australia and New Zealand and the Far East, and will continue to do so if Singapore is not to be restored. Its value during the war proved to be incalculable, and is not less as an insurance for the future.

* * * *

## Strike Technique

INDIAN ingenuity devised a novel form of strike. In some of the larger offices groups of clerks presented demands for better conditions, and having done so locked the heads of the staff in their rooms with the intimation that they would not be released until the new terms had been agreed to.

The method proved successful in some cases; in others the chiefs of the firms showed themselves of tough material, and promptly released themselves. But, on the whole, this method of coercion was effective, largely because there is general recognition that there is great distress among the clerical staffs in commercial offices.

Efforts to counter this by 'dearness allowances' and other additions to emoluments have only partially relieved hardship. Clerical wages in India have always been low, simply because the men offering themselves were heavily in excess of demand. The educated man preferred employment in what he regarded as a clean and dignified occupation, rather than seek higher emoluments in other forms of work.

*Great Britain and the East*

## 'Lowdown' on the Press

THE well-known German press guide, *Sperling*, has appeared for the first time since Germany's defeat. In 1939 the *Sperling* contained the addresses of 5,647 periodicals and 2,692 newspapers. The new issue contains 1,770 periodicals and 200 newspapers.

*German Affairs*

## To Be or Not To Be . . .

THE day when Poles and Spaniards still feel themselves to be Poles and Spaniards ten years after their arrival in the U.S.A. will mark the beginning of the decline of America.

*Politique*, Paris

## 'Operation Frigid'

TWO young men in American army uniform caught my eye at the Dingaan's day festival. Both turned out to be American citizens whose permanent home is now in South Africa. Corporal Robert Strachan is the son of Mr. Charles H. Strachan, factory engineer at Iscor. He was born in Ohio, but lived in Pretoria long enough before the war to lose the American accent which he has now regained. After serving in North America, Germany and Italy, he is on his way home from the United States to be demobilised with the intention of studying engineering at the Witwatersrand University.

Sergeant William Schmidt was quite at home at London House among several of his cronies who were fellow students with him at Cape Town University. He arrived in South Africa in 1939 and was called up in 1944. Since then, as a member of the American Medical Corps, he has been all over the place—North Africa, West Africa, Colorado, Alaska, and Florida. He was a member of Task Force Frigid, as it was called, which went to Alaska to test the reaction of men, equipment and supplies when the temperature was as much as '70 below'.

He told me that the experiment proved that the best type for such conditions was the endomorphic-mesomorphic, which in plain English seems to mean apparently a man of five feet ten or five feet eleven, not too heavy and not too light, about 165-170 lbs., fairly intelligent and able to fend for himself, a handy man of resource and stamina.

*South Africa*

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*'And what is that over there?'*

CARREFOUR

## The Magic Touch

MR. ATTLEE touches nothing that he does not dehydrate. *The Economist*

## The Importance of Man!

IN Maywood, N.J., Mrs. Carol Kaufmann reported to police the disappearance of her husband and her car, begged them please to find the car. *Time*

## Response

IN Harrismith, South Africa, a torrential downpour washed out an open-air prayer meeting that had been called to pray for rain. *Time*

## For Innocent Babes

WE don't try to sell them to everybody. They're only for Hollywood. Only film stars would be crazy enough to buy them.—*American manufacturer of mink-trimmed baby 'nappies' selling at 3s. 9d. each.*

## Apology

IN our last week's issue the Abiribas were inadvertently referred to as 'the sharp individuals of the Ibo tribe who snatched away the living of the women fish-mongers by going direct to the fisheries at Ikang and buying from them fish not yet caught, many months ahead.' On our attention being drawn to this error, we found, on investigation, that it was not the Abiribas who indulged in this practice, but Ibos from somewhere round Umuahia, Bende division.

This error is regretted.

*Nigerian Eastern Mail*

## The Dangerous New Look?

FASHION's New Look got a withering glare from square-jawed Dr. Andrew C. Ivy, 54, of the University of Illinois' professional schools (*Time*, Jan. 13). Tight corsets, growled Ivy to a group of Jacksonville, Ill. colleagues, are a direct cause of stomach ulcers in women. Moreover, he added, if he could get $5,000 and forty monkeys together, he would put the monkeys into tight corsets for two years just to prove his theory.

The doctor would corset his monkeys in waspish plaster casts (real girdles would not stay on), and X-ray them periodically. At week's end, Ivy thought he had a line on his monkeys: The Illinois Department of Public Health had a surplus shipment. No one has yet come forward with the $5,000. *Time*

## Ballet Dancers 'On their Toes'

FIRST results of the new 'Direction' Order are now being felt in the trade. A Manchester factory has already reported that they have deep-sea divers, a wheel-tapper, and four ballet-dancers on their books.

Naturally, they find it a little difficult at first, but they get used to it, and are soon on their toes, so to speak. *Men's Wear*

## Practical Choke

THE Japanese, a practical race, adjust their entertainment to the climate. Last week the newspaper *Jiji Shimpo* reported: 'Nude shows, very popular in Tokyo and elsewhere during the hot and warmer seasons, have declined in popularity, lately, probably because of cold weather. Shows depicting scenes in which a man chokes another to death are in vogue now.'

*Newsweek*

## Ambition

'I HAVE always wanted to be drunk and disorderly,' said a grey-haired woman, fined at Bow Street. *Star*

## Definition

A CONFERENCE is a meeting to decide when the next meeting will be held.

*Dublin Opinion*

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